Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &C.

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Maine Farmer.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Calendar of Events to Occur.

MAINE STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND THE MECHANIC ARTS—July 31st, Prize declamation by the Sophomore Class. Aug. 1, Baccalaureate Address of President Allen. Aug. 2 and 3, Examinations of classes. Aug. 3, Prize Essays by Junior Class. Aug. 4, Commencement Exercises. Aug. 5, Examination for admission to the College.

MAINE STATE FAIR—Combined exhibition of State Agricultural, State Pomological, State Dairymen's and State Stock Breeders Societies at Presumpscot Park, Portland, Sept. 21–24.

COUNTY EXHIBITIONS—Androscoggin, Lewiston, Oct. 5–7; Oxford, South Paris, Oct. 5–8; Western Hancock, Bucksport, Oct. 6–8; North Franklin, Phillips, Sept. 28–30; Waldo, Belfast, Oct. 11–13; Kennebec, Fopsham, Oct. 12–14; Lincoln, Waldoboro', Oct. 12–14; Aroostook, Houlton, Sept. 28–24; Cumberland Farmers' Club, Oct. 5–7; Washington, Pembroke, Sept. 29–30.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY: Regular Meetings of Granges—Dirigo, Brunswick, Saturday evenings; Eastern Star, Hampden, Tuesday evenings; Forest, Lee, Saturday evenings; Golden Harvest, Carmel, Wednesday evenings; Northern Light, Winterport, Thursday evenings; Naples, Monday evenings; Queen City, Bangor, Saturday evenings; Rising Sun, East Knox, Saturday evenings; Somerset, South Norridgewock, Tuesday evenings; Victor, Fairfield Center, Thursday evenings.

THE TURF: Races to occur—Knox Trotting Park, July 3; North Anson, July 3; Jefferson, July 5; Piscataquis Trotting Park, Dover, July 3; Oakland Park, Gardiner, July 5; Central Park, Augusta, July 5; Presumpscot Park, Portland, July 7–8; Fairfield Trotting Park, July 3; Lewiston Driving Park, June 30, July 1.

A Lesson from the Times.

With the heavy failures that are occurring in this country and across the water—so extensive that millions of dollars are involved, and so disasterous in their results as to carry down with them large and successful and wealthy business houses, shut up factories and turn thousands of artisans out of employment—no remark is more commonly heard in financial circles, or among keen-sighted business men, than that no one can tell when or where this condition of things is to end, or who may be involved before a healthy and normal condition of trade and business is reached. They are the consequences of a forced and inflated business, of business built upon insecure foundations, and of a general over-production in many large lines of trade. Or they may be said to result almost wholly from the unnatural balance which for years has existed in many countries, and which has been growing more fully apparent in this country, between labor and business which produces articles of necessity, as chiefest of all, human food,—and labor which produces only articles of luxury, or which are not necessary to human sustenance. We have pointed out in several articles recently, how this multiplication of consumers, this forced and unnecessary crowding of the already full professions, the filling up of our large cities with non-producers—has worked to the disadvantage of our agriculture, that in consequence of it our farms have been deserted, while at the same time this forcing of the non-producing classes has rebounded back upon our agriculture and worked a general disaster. And the recent great failures, that are but the natural means which trade has of regulating itself when man attempts to crowd and force it, just as the vitiated system frees itself from impurities by boils and sores, but impress us more forcibly than ever with the truth of our previous warnings that we are conducting our business in an unhealthy manner, and that before it assumes its normal condition there must be a return to first principles.

While financiers and business men are figuring out their solution of this trouble, we also present our remedy for the evils brought upon us by these money smash-ups. It is a return to the business of farming—a business which is always safe and reliable, which is sure of giving competency and independence, which is in no danger of being over-done or superseded, which imposes few risks, which holds out no false allurements of rapid gains, which never fails to bring a safe return for the labor and capital invested, and which has always been, and must ever be regarded as the basis of all wealth and the main spring of all prosperity. While the statistics of mercantile life show that over 80 per cent. of business men, merchants, fail: statistics also show that not one farmer in a hundred dies insolvent. Farming pursued with energy, and skill, and economy, never fails of bringing results which give satisfaction. Upon our farms are found good homes, wherein all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life abound; our farmers have good carriages and good horses; they give their children a good education, and often start their sons in business; possess ready money enough for their business transactions, and very often have a snug balance at the Savings Bank—and yet it makes us angry to hear in the face of all this, so much whining and complaining that "farming don't pay." We say IT DOES PAY; and we say no business can show so grand, so sure, so safe, so satisfactory payments as the business of farming. No business offers better inducements, no business is so reliable in its promises, no business has so few drawbacks. The men who have forsaken it for the uncertain gains of speculation and traffic in cities, must return to it, follow it as a business and build upon it a structure which no financial whirlwind can demolish, if we would see our country prosperous and our people independent and contented.

While we are writing this, a letter comes to us from a Scotchman who has been five years in this country, and who has recently been employed at his trade of stone-cutter on one of the islands off our coast. He has recently purchased a farm in one of the fair towns of Waldo county, and intends to follow farming as a business. He writes in pleasing terms of America as his country, of our goodly State as his home, of farming as his business; and says many more of his countrymen contemplate settling on farms some where in Maine. The letter is so full of enthusiasm and courage about farming, and the advantages possessed by Maine as a farming State; that we mention it in this connection as a most gratifying evidence of the true spirit needed by those who are now non-producers, to bring about that change which is needed to give a healthy tone to society and business. We trust his example may insure many others to follow a course which will be sure to result in individual success, and the general good.

☞ The "Practical Butter Book," from the pen of Mr. X. A. Willard, the well known writer on dairy matters, has just been issued by the Rural Publishing Company, New York, making a neat volume of about 200 pages. We shall notice it at greater length in a subsequent issue.

In Praise of Hoeing.

Hoeing is a grand act. Indeed we are sometimes inclined to regard it as the chiefest among the sub-divisions of the multiform duties which pertain to the work of carrying on a farm. It is true other operations, perhaps, rank it in importance; but after all, it is equally true that with all those crops grown which are termed hoed crops, this operation is fully equal in importance to seeding or harvesting. It would be worse than labor thrown away to plant a crop and then leave it to be choked with weeds—for the weeds would not only render the crop worthless, but by their maturing seeds foul the land for years to come. Hence the art of hoeing plays a most essential part in farm labor; and the character of the farmer and his system of management may be very safely inferred from the manner in which his hoeing is performed. Moreover, we imagine a man who with a bright hoe in hand, goes out to battle against the weeds among his corn, has a courageous heart in his bosom; and realizes a degree of satisfaction in his labors, such as a man experiences who has been successful in up-rooting some bad habit, or weeding out some of the vices of his character which his neighbors know not of, but which he knows and has been trying to rid himself of—it may be for years. When the weeds tumble down under the hoe, and are lightly and quickly shuffled to the surface by a quick and dexterous movements of this useful little implement, which should always be kept bright and sharp—it seems as if the corn and onions, the beans and turnips, felt a sense of relief, as though they were out of bad company and had more room to grow and develope into healthy and useful plants, as they will. And when the hot son comes out and lights upon these up-rooted weeds, they "go up" in a very short time. On the other hand if the weeds are left in the loose earth, and crowded up among the plants, they are simply transplanted, and in a day or two will be growing more vigorous and persistent than ever; because the roots will be active in sending out thousands of little rootlets which will feed the life of these transplanted weeds into a stouter growth. We dread to see such mangled, slovenly hoeing. More than this—we had rather a man would keep out of a corn field or ours, if we were rich enough to have one, than to have him do such hoeing as this for nothing, and board himself! Besides, hoeing loosens the crusted earth, baked and hardened by the hot sun, and the soil breaths freeer from having its pores opened. In a very dry season, crops growing on land which is often scuffled over with the hoe, will withstand the effects of a drouth much longer than those on land where the surface is allowed to remain hard and unbroken.

We believe in hoeing. It is a part of farm work that we fear, in these days of horse hoes and power cultivators, is apt to be slighted and neglected. While we believe in using the horse in every place where he can be used to advantage, and doing all the cultivating and horse hoeing possible—we yet believe that hoeing is one of those occupations for which no substitute can well be employed. The hand hoe must be relied on for the greater part of that nice work needed in cultivating the "hoed crops" of the farm. We believe in clean, faithful and frequent hoeing—we believe the crops need it, we believe the fields are cleaner and the harvests heavier in consequence of it, and we believe it should on no accounnt be put by till after haying—that means it will not be done at all. Hoeing should be done now. Put it off till "after haying," and many of the weeds will have seeded themselves, and the work will not be productive of so much good as if done in season. Keep the horse cultivator and hand hoe in active use "about this time."

Brook-side Orcharding.

A correspondent informs us that Mr. David C. Pottle of Alna—whom our readers will remember as most successfully engaged for several years past in the artificial culture of fish, of which we have heretofore given some account in our columns—has also been most successful in another enterprise, in which it will be easier for our readers to imitate him. Along the banks of his numerous ponds and the ravines through which flow the brooks feeding them, he some ten years ago set out a considerable number of apple trees. The soil generally, is a sandy loam, and one would suppose not well adapted for orcharding; but these trees, in some cases set so near the ponds that the fruit will drop into the water, and in others growing thriftily on the rough and steep side of the ravines and gulleys—have succeeded admirably, and now bear large crops of choice winter fruit. Indeed our correspondent believes his annual crop from this brook-side orchard to be from three to five hundred bushels, which Mr. Pottle sells at a good price. These trees take up but little room, grow where little else of profit would succeed; and although it is more work to harvest the fruit than it would be on level ground, yet the profit returned is satisfactory, insomuch as it is almost clear gain; the land not being suited to tillage, nor of much profit as grass. We have no doubt there are numerous similar locations in many parts of the State, where apple trees could be set out with as sure a prospect of returning a good yield, as in the instance mentioned; and we hope this statement of what one enterprising and persistent man has accomplished will lead many others to follow his example.

Editorial Notes.

We are informed that the members of granges in some portions of the States have received private offers for their wool at prices somewhat above that paid to those who do not belong to this organization. This the buyers are glad to pay as they get large lots delivered at some central point, of convenience to them—and they had as soon give it to the seller as to pay it for teams and time in collecting the wool and making separate bargains with individuals. At the same time the chief advantage of the plan comes in to the benefit of the granges, and we are glad of it.

Not long ago we were much interested in examining the herbarium of Mr. F. Lawson Scribner, the enthusiastic young teacher of Natural History; especially in looking at his large and valuable collection of grasses and sedges. Of these there are probably three hundred and fifty species, while of grasses alone there are about one hundred and fifty species. As these are all correctly named and as the collection has been perfected through exchanges with botanists in all parts of the country it may be safely said to be one of the best collections of the kind in the State. It is almost invaluable to the student in botany, and as by it the different species of our grasses may be identified it also becomes of much practical importance to agriculturists.

Dr. N. Watson of North Fayette, places on our table an egg measuring 7 by 9 inches laid by a pullet belonging to him. Challenge hens must look well to their laurels.

We should esteem it a favor if Secretaries of Societies and others would send us notices of the time of holding their autumn exhibitions, meetings of granges, times of holding the meetings of Farmers' Clubs, and similar events likely to interest our readers.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Water in Stock Food.

In your issue of April 24, a correspondent questions the reliability of my statement, made in a previous number, that potatoes contain 95 per cent. of water. I am glad to know that the readers of the FARMER do not accept what I chance to say in its columns without putting it to the test of their own knowledge and judgment, or proving it by way of experiments in their own practice. In my former article I endeavored to show that a large percentage of water was necessary to make up a perfect food for stock, and stated that potatoes by the latest analysis contained 95 per cent. water. I quoted from Johnson's "How Crops Grow." (See appendix page 387,) and quoted correctly from analysis then given, made by Professors Wolff and Knap in 1865-7. Since my attention has been called to the matter by your correspondent, I find—or think I do—by a careful examination that the percentage under question is a misprint in the volume, and that through this misprint I was led into an error. I thank your correspondent for calling attention to it, and should have made this acknowledgement earlier had not more pressing duties claimed my entire attention.

It appears by consulting the different authorities at command that the percentage of water in potatoes varies from 74 to 78 per cent. The average of nineteen analysis by Prof. Grouven gives 76 per cent.

In the matter of Science applied to Agriculture we have still much to learn. Much of that which has been learned does not point out to us new processes to follow, but as yet only corroborate the correctness of practices which have been patiently learned through experience. There are certain general principles on which nearly all agree; but there is much of the "Science of Agriculture" still unwritten, and much that is so called that is unreliable. It is encouraging however that we are gradually learning, and that we have struck a pin here and there with tolerable certainty.

In the matter of water in stock food, I am more and more convinced, from a close observation in my experience in feeding, of the advantages,—the necessity of a large percentage of water combined in stock food. The best results do not follow when concentrated food, with only a small percentage of water in its composition is fed; and the water added from the fountain. A chemist's analysis may show 80 per cent. of clover, or 92 per cent. of turnips to be pure water, yet experience proves there is a value in this water, either through its combination or from some other cause, that is not indicated by the analysis. We cannot then take the analysis as our sole guide, but must couple our experience with it in order to learn that which the analysis does not show. Indeed an analysis does not show—nor does it claim to—the *nutritive value* of any food. Putting a substance into a living organism is a different thing from putting it into a chemist's crucible. Hence practice cannot be thrown aside in determining the value of a stock food; and practice proves that which an analysis does not show—that the best stock food has more than three parts water to one of all other substances.

June 18th. Z. A. GILBERT.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Appointment of Judges for our Fairs.

As the time approaches for holding our annual fairs, the interest in them increases, and our stock breeders are already at work fitting their stock to show. Greater preparations are evidently being made to have a State Fair, worthy our state, than for years before. Last year the Fair was a success, this year it should be more so; and if one may judge by the zeal there is being manifested, it will eclipse all former shows.

The interest felt in the state show, will be felt in every town and county fair in the state and extra efforts will be put forth to get out a larger show generally. In some departments great care is taken to select judges who are thoroughly acquainted with their work and those who will not only be present, but will give the matter careful attention. In other departments this is not looked after as it should be. No person takes stock to a fair for exhibition without hopes of favorable mention, or a share in the award of premiums. These persons are *especially interested* in the class containing their stock or articles of husbandry, and though the animals, birds or articles may belong to not the larger classes they have a right to demand the same honesty and thoroughness in judging as any; and to satisfy this class is as much the duty of the managers, as though they were exhibitors of larger animals or articles.

Judges should be selected *for all classes*, who will not be exhibitors in such classes, but who are thoroughly conversant with the claims of the class they judge; and more than this, the managers should see to it, that they are persons who will be present, and if not there to select others equally well qualified. I know this is going into detail too much for some, but it is this, and this only which will give exhibitors confidence, and let this fact be established, that whoever exhibits anything at our coming fairs shall have *honest judgment* passed upon his horses, cattle, poultry crops, agricultural implements, fancy articles or anything else put on exhibition—and you will double your entries, and build up that confidence in the minds of the people, that will make our fairs an honor and a pride to the state. We all know of persons who refuse to exhibit because as they say "We are not in the ring;" and they will believe this until greater care is manifested in the selection of judges, and it be fully established that honest rulings are what the managers strive for and *that only.* P.

For the Maine Farmer.

Queries about the Jerseys.

I would inquire through the FARMER at what age do Jersey's give the *most* and *richest* milk? Can they be milked with profit as many years as Durhams or other breeds? Some one who has had long experience in keeping Jerseys, will confer a favor on many readers by replying. We have a grade Jersey which gave 27 lbs. of milk per day when 2 yrs. old (18 lbs. required for 1 lbs. of butter.) She is now 12 years old and perfectly healthy and strong. One day's trial of milk gave 25 lbs. and 10 oz. which produced but one lb. 3 oz. butter proving the milk not quite as rich as it was 10 years ago. Possibly the feed might have been sweeter then.

While speaking of Jerseys, I like to say a good word for them. Two years ago Mr. O. T. Goddard of Vassalboro, bought a nice 2 year old (thoroughbred) for $85. which has had two heifer calves. He has just had $350 offered for the three, a gain of $250 on the first investment. I would not advise *every farmer* to seek his fortune by raising Jerseys as purchasers would then grow scarce. T.

For the Maine Farmer.

Maine State Fair for 1875.

The Thirteenth Annual Maine State Fair will be held at Portland, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 21st 22d, 23d and 24th days of September, 1875, on the Presumpscot Park Grounds and City Hall. The exhibition will be a consolidation of all our State Agricultural Societies. The present out-look is, that it will be a show of the first magnitude.

An examination of the Rules and List of Premiums will show that a considerable number of changes have been made in them. Among the more important changes in the rules are the following, to which special attention is respectfully solicited, viz.: 1st, the close time of entries. The entry books for horses other than trotters, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry, will be closed on Tuesday, Sept. 7th, in order that the Secretary may have time to classify, arrange and print catalogues of the entries, and have them ready for distribution the morning of the Fair. The Superintendents of Stock—Hon. Burleigh for horses and Warren Percival for other stock—are to seasonably furnish the Secretary with plans of the stalls, as numbered, in their respective departments, so that assignment of stalls can be made as fast, and in the order in which entries are received. By this well devised method each competitor can know the stalls to which he is entitled in advance, and as far in advance of Sept. 7th as he may choose to make entries. It is desirable that the entries be made at as early a day as possible, not only to secure greater accuracy in the entries themselves, but to have the entries, pedigrees, No. of stalls, etc., correct, as they shall appear in the printed catalogue, that the books of entry are now open. The Secretary will give a prize to the person making the first bona fide entry, and another to the winner of a premium standing first in the order of entries. Here let me invite the attention of Atwood, Dunham, Kendall & Whitney, Frye, Merrill, Morton, Dennison, True, Holt, Thomson, et als., exhibitors of farm implements, to the importance of making the entries before Sept. 7th, that the same may begin in the catalogue.

2. The Transactions. The publishing of the Transactions is an advance step. These will be printed as soon after the Fair as the copy can be arranged, and will contain the Constitution, List of Members, List of Entries, List of Awards, Pedigrees unabridged, and the report of the Treasurer. As an advertising medium, the Transactions will be of special value to competitors. Each would do well to order extra copies.

3. A Ticket Master. A Ticket Master will be appointed, who will assume full control of this department outside of the Treasurer's office. He will be instructed to devise some way of preventing the fraudulent use of tickets at the places of ingress to the Grounds and Halls. The duties of this position are important, requiring brains and backbone to prevent a "getting by some other way," and black is emphatically articulate Yes or No. For this important post the Executive Committee have fortunately secured the services of Col. H. S. Osgood of Augusta, who is well qualified for the position. Luckily, B. F. Hamlin, esq., the Marshal of last year, is General Superintendent. For a small man he can make a "big wake," routing roughs on the ground, or "breaking jams" in the hall. Hamilton has a deal of executive ability, and his appointment insures that every part of the display will be "on time." The abolition of the entry fees was fully discussed in executive session, but was not abolished. The time is fast coming when it will be in the "dead past."

4. The premiums. These will be found to be increased so that the aggregate will be the largest ever offered by the State Society. The entries of horses of which last year there were 280 instead of being sub-divided into six different entry books, will all be entered in one book and classed alphabetically. A general committee consisting of six gentlemen, each an adept in the art of awarding to the "noblest of the train that wait on man," have been appointed, and to this committee the horses will be assigned. This set of judges can appoint a sub-committee if they so desire.

The Plowing Match bids fair to excel everything of the kind attempted in Maine. Additional to the liberal premiums offered by the Society, Mr. Dunham of Bangor offers a mower, and Mr. Frye of Portland, a steel plow. One farmer has a big bull in training to win the "Warrior."

The two purses, one of $200, and one $100, sweepstakes for drawing oxen, will bring out the giants and tempt to "tall" pulling.

We had hoped for the inauguration of a Sample Department, but it must bide its time.

The Rules, Regulations and Schedule of Premiums, have been carefully revised, and it is confidently expected, will commend themselves to the producers of our state.

SAMUEL WASSON, *Secretary.*

East Surry.

For the Maine Farmer.

Notes by the Way.

From Penobscot County—Prospects of the Season.

I find the grass looking finely in the towns I have visited. The late rains have settled the question in regard to the hay crop—there must be a heavy yield of hay. The grain crop is looking well. It has been rather cold for corn and it is looking pale, but a warm July and August may give us a fair crop. There has been a large amount of wheat sown, and fields that I have seen are looking well. Apple trees have blossomed quite full, and where the caterpillars have not destroyed the foliage they are fruiting well. I have seen several orchards that have been entirely stripped from every thing green. Farmers miss it in letting the caterpillars get the upper hands of them for they can be subdued when small. Trees stripped of all their foliage do not get over it in one or two years. There are some fine looking orchards in Newport and Stetson.

Mr. John Stuart of Newport has a very rich farm; cuts about 100 tons of hay and is raising some good stock. He has one of the best thoroughbred Ayrshire bulls to be found in this country. Saw at the stable of A. N. Burrill a very promising three year old Knox colt, which if nothing happens to him is destined to make his mark on the track.

They are about starting a cheese factory at Newport village. The stock is all taken up in shares of $25 each, and they intend to commence the first of July. I visited the cheese factory at Stetson. This is the second year they have run this factory and it has proved a success. They have one of the best locations for a factory I have ever seen. Their building is 34 by 60, giving a plenty of dry room which is very essential. A. S. Spencer and wife have charge of this factory this year, and they are making some very nice cheese. Every thing in and around the building is the picture of perfect neatness. They are now receiving about 4800 bbls. of milk per day from 250 cows. Mr. Geo. Keys sends in the milk from six cows that average 40 bbls. of milk per day. I think this is hard to beat.

Etna Cheese Factory.

They have recently started a cheese factory at Etna, the building being 30 by 50 feet, 22 feet post. This is a new enterprise and they are being troubled to get cans for their milk. They are now receiving about 1900 lbs. of milk per day. This stock is taken up in shares of $12. There seems to be a good deal of interest in this section in regard to associated dairying, and I shall give you some report from the different factories as I visit them.

Farm of P. G. Wiggin, Stetson.

Mr. Wiggin has a nice farm of over 300 acres, cuts over 100 tons of hay, has 28 head of cattle besides his sheep and horses. His farm is under a high state of cultivation and he is making farming pay. He does not believe in robbing the soil, or in other words cropping the land year after year without paying back in dressing what he takes off. He thinks we are raising too many potatoes and selling them off the farm, and I find a good many farmers of the same mind.

June 22nd. J. P. CLARK.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Horse and Trotting.

A Suggestion to Agricultural Societies.

Having read with much interest what has been said from time to time through the FARMER *pro at con*, about trotting horses at our Agricultural Fairs. I find I cannot resist the temptation to add a few words.

The sports of the turf have always been popular in some sections of our country—dating from a period prior to the Revolution; and in the good old days it was patronized by the greatest and best in the land. Washington, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, and many others whose names adorn the brightest pages of our country's history, bred, owned, and ran race horses. Indeed the sport was as popular that it was styled "the noblest amusement that ever stirred the blood, or engaged the mind of man." Trotting is the legitimate successor to the turf proper, it is becoming the national amusement. Even as long ago as 1856 when it was comparatively in its infancy, Frank Forester in his admirable work the "Horse of America" makes the following remark—"Trotting, in America, is the people's sport, the people's pastime, and consequently is, and will be, supported by the people." Since this time, to what gigantic proportions has the trotting interest grown! Each year adds to the number of its votaries. It has amongst its admirers and supporters all classes of society. All over this vast country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, gentlemen of the highest social position, including even the President himself are engaged in solving the breeding and trotting problem. The complaint of a few prejudiced minds against the public exhibition of fast work, or showing the horse in his best form at our Agricultural Fairs, is unworthy of the enlightened age in which we live. The race course in America is in fact, becoming gradually merely an exercising ground for developing and training horses previous to their passage into the hands of gentlemen who keep them solely for their own amusement. The taste for pleasure driving absorbs nearly all the promising young trotting horses as soon as they make their appearance, the highest prices being paid by those who have no intention of placing them upon the turf. Ridding the sport of trotting of the principal objectionable feature which usually accompanies it, which I conceive to be pool-selling, I see nothing to which the most moral can object. Who but the gamblers themselves, but has experienced a feeling of disgust at the noisy bawling of the pool-selling with the equally noisy crowds surging around? I appeal to the executive committee of the State Agricultural Society to pronounce the sentence of banishment beyond the limits of their society upon the pool box. The scandal removed of being a party to and aiding in gambling transactions, will result in the removal of prejudice and an increased attendance.

No sound argument can be offered on the propriety of associations becoming identified with and giving countenance to the pool-seller. Let the motto of the State be *Dirigo* (I lead) in this as in every good word and work. Let the note of reform be sounded. One thing more. In trotting, follow the National Rules in everything except betting. If gamblers must gamble, let them do it at their own risk. J. W. THOMPSON.

Canton.

For the Maine Farmer.

Farmers and Farming.

It is a singular fact, that everything we eat or drink, the very clothes upon our backs in short, everything we possess, all that we ourselves are, can be traced to the dust of old mother earth. The definition of the passage which says, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," not only applies to man, and other animals, but to vegetation and to everything produced in or upon the earth. This being the case, every man, no matter what his occupation now or where he lives, is dependent and obliged to rely upon the soil, for a subsistence. Therefore, it is not only the farmer who gets his living from the soil, but all, everybody and everything; nothing lives independent of it. Consequently, it is for the interest of *all* human beings, to promote agriculture as much as is in their power. Of course there are other things that must be attended to, but this requires a great part of our attention and interest. Those who enjoy getting a living by tilling the soil with their own hands should not be denied the privilege; while, on the other hand, those who do not, should gain a livelihood by other means. This latter class of people, although they themselves are not cultivating the soil, are as dependent upon it, for a living, as the farmer; and therefore, should endeavor to do all in their power, for the promotion of the agricultural interests. Indeed everybody should be a friend to it. This if no more. For it is by it, and it alone, that people obtain their food. It has been well said that "agriculture furnishes the food of the nation, the raw materials of manufacturers, and the cargoes of domestic and foreign commerce. It is the cause, and the evidence, of true civilization; for, when tillage begins, barbarism ends, and the various arts commence." When agriculture is enjoying a season of prosperity, it will be noticed that all other interests are having a successful progress. Its failures, on the other hand, causes a great many of our panics. Food and clothing are the principal necessities of life, and these we have, and have only, by cultivating the soil. ZENO.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Caterpillars—Various Remedies.

The remedies used to destroy the caterpillars have proved fatal to many trees in this vicinity. Where kerosene was used, and as some say "not very liberally," last season, the trees are as dead as the Fig tree we read of in the Bible; yet many have been using it this season. The woods and fields are covered with these varmints. Brush them from the trees and in an hour they will be just as plenty. My last manner of protection is to wind paper around the body of the tree from four to six inches wide, tie it on and with a swab or brush cover it with coal tar. No caterpillar gets above this until it dries hard, then go over again with the tar. My small orchard at home I have had but very little trouble to keep along in this way. S. D.

Phillips.

For the Maine Farmer.

Inquiries about Horse Rakes.

I wish to inquire through the FARMER what is the best steel toothed horse hay rake in the market. I wish to buy a rake if I can find one that will rake clean and not harrow the ground all up. The Ithaca rake does not scratch and does its work well, excepting in thin grass, where it does not rake clean. I think the teeth should be nearer together. Will not some of our brother farmers who have had experience with different rakes, inform me through the FARMER of the comparative merits of the Hollingsworth, Ithaca, Bay State, Granite State, Eleanor or any other rake in the market. Which takes the cleanest, scratches best, is the most durable, and the easiest to handle. A SUBSCRIBER.

Corinna.

For the Maine Farmer.

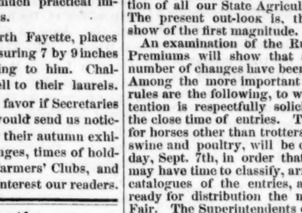
Hoeing and Seeding.

I believe corn needs no hoeing or hilling; but the use of cultivator or horse hoe clears away the weeds and keeps the ground mellow and level. The 25th or last of August (hilling time) sow on two bushels of prepared winter wheat seed to the acre which gets a thorough planting by the cultivator and deep roots against winter killing. This was the good old fashioned way of raising winter rye, even when the *highest kind* of hilling was done,—the rye being hoed in, and another sure way of getting both crops on *one ploughing*; which is, that much labor is saved to say nothing of two harrowings in preparing the land and covering the seed, which is superficially done as compared with that done with the cultivator. Try it. A FARMER.

For the Maine Farmer.

A New Underdrain.

While looking over the farm of Mr. Winslow Arey of this town, he showed me a new kind of underdrain invented by himself, which appeared to me to be well adapted to fields and pastures in which there is no living water. I can describe it no better than by this figure.



As most of our land is hilly, let *b* be a hill. Commence at the foot *a* and dig in a straight line toward *c*. Of course the farther into the hill the drain is dug the deeper it becomes. By the time it has been carried in three or four rods, living water is generally found. Now fill the drain with rocks and dirt and it is finished. Thus you not only have a drain that serves all the purposes of the ordinary kind, but one that furnishes living water the year around and which does away with the necessity of using pumps in lands that are used as pastures. Mr. Arey says that it costs but a trifle more to build this kind, than it does any other. *Hampden.* G. H. S.

For the Maine Farmer.

Our Pastures—Queary.

I wish to inquire through the columns of the FARMER the best way to renovate an old pasture that cows have run in for the past twenty years. Can it be done without cropping, and can it be plowed in August and be well harrowed and seeded to grass and turn cows on it the next spring? I want to take up a part of it at a time and save fencing if it will answer the purpose. At present it bears June grass, moss and weeds. Our poor pastures are a great drawback to successful farming with us, and any light upon the subject will be thankfully received. STOCK RAISER.

Cornville.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Good Care for Cows.

In your issue of 19th ult., appears an article under the above caption. My experience with cows has been similar to that of the writer of the article referred to. I purchased a cow a year ago for $35 or rather the hide and bones of a cow, for she had had hard fare, and was as poor as one of Pharoah's "lean kine." The former owner informed me she would give four quarts of milk daily. By liberal feed in three weeks she yielded ten quarts daily. She dropped a calf this spring and now gives sixteen quarts of rich milk daily. M.

Patrons of Husbandry.

A Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry was organized, May 11th at North Vassalboro', under the name of Oak Grove Grange and the following officers were elected: Geo. C. Taylor, Master; B. F. Carter, Overseer; L. A. Doe, Sec'y; W. F. Taber, Treas; Mrs. W. C. Drummond, Lecturer; E. F. Blackwell, Steward; E. B. Merrill, Asst. Steward; S. E. Reynolds, Gate Keeper; L. C. Taylor, Ceres; H. L. Blackwell, Pomona; Nellie Drummond, Flora; Geo. C. Blackwell, Chaplain; D. H. Merrill, Lady Asst. Steward. I thought I would send this to you for the benefit of those who are trying to write something against this order, but fail, because they do not know anything of what they are writing. A SUBSCRIBER.

Income from Twelve Sheep.

Sold ten lambs to Lennan Bros., Gardiner, for $62.50. Sheared 72 lbs. wool, which at 33 cts. per lb. (the price received for that which we sold,) $23.76; and have two of the latest lambs left, which are worth $10 to keep; making $96.26 from the flock this year. FRANK LOWELL.

Farmingdale.

Fourth of July—Grange Picnic.

The Somerset Grange, P. of H., are to have a basket picnic at Norridgewock, on the 3d of July. Exercises consisting of music by brass band, oration by L. B. Bennet, worthy lecturer of the State Grange, &c., will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. The Somerset Grange invite all the granges in the county to join with them.

From Lincoln County.

The season in Lincoln County has been cold and backward but crops look very well. We have had a plenty of rain for the past two weeks. Grass looks well and did not winter kill much. The caterpillars have made sad havoc among the apple trees. The town of Dresden has a Grange of 60 or 70 members, it is doing quite a business and can stand some pretty hard blowing from outsiders—so blow away. L.

Dresden.

Farm News, Notes and Queries.

Mr. John Upham of North Anson, has bees upon his place brought there by his father, 70 years ago. None have been added to them and none carried away during that time. There are now three hives; two or three times they have been reduced to one hive, but have always rallied again. There are few bee colonies with such a record.

And now comes an egg measuring 6 1-8 by 7 1-2 inches, weighing four ounces, laid by a small hen belonging to O. Newhall of West Washington. Let the hen, large or small, beat her!

To destroy caterpillars put about one pint of soft soap to a gallon of water, making a suds, wind a cloth on the end of a pole and wet them; give them a good soaking. It is instant death. S. F. F.

The "Order of Progressive Farmers" is the name of a new secret society, whose headquarters are in Illinois. The order is said to be meeting with success, and already has a very large membership.

Mr. William Duly of Phipsburg, in 1874 wintered seven sheep. These produced him twelve lambs, and the latter he sold in July, 1874, for $60. Who says sheep husbandry in Maine does not pay?

W. A. Pinkham of West Farmingdale, killed the ticks on his lambs this year by the use of Carbolic Acid Soap. F. L.

"Cumberland" inquires if kerosene will prove injurious to trees, I have used it tor destroying worms on currant bushes without injury to the bushes, and presume it would not prove injurious to trees unless used too freely. M.

I cannot inform "J. M. F. of a better way to rid his trees of caterpillars the present season than to kill them at sunrise or sunset when they may be found in bunches on the trees or in their tents. Another winter if he will spend an hour or two in hunting for and destroying their eggs which may be found encircling the small twigs on the trees he will not be troubled by them another summer. MAC.

Mr. Watson Jones of Fairfield, has a very nice pair of oxen about eight feet in the line and good for work or beef.

Mr. O. A. Bowman of North Fairfield, has a very fine heifer two years old by Burleigh's "Compton Lad," big enough to dress nearly 600 lbs.

A dark colored worm, seven eighths of an inch in length, has made sad havoc with our currant bushes for two years past. I gave my bushes, a few days since, a thorough sprinkling with air slacked lime while the dew was on the leaf, and destroyed about all the worms. Two more breeds may be expected during the summer. BRUNSWICK.

At the Garland Cheese Factory one day last week 4600 lbs. of milk were received; and at the Dexter Factory the same day 1600 lbs.

Woman's Department.

For the Woman's Department.

Moral Teachers for our Schools.

We need competent moral teachers for our children, as they are taught by example as well as precept. Scholars naturally look to their teacher, and the teacher exerts a wonderful influence over the pupils, and if that influence leads them directly or indirectly to the dancing room or card table, that school will be productive of more harm than good to the pupils. The consequences of such proceedings can never be erased, habits once formed are not easily obliterated. Should she retrace her steps and try to follow our Savior's example, she would not find those pupils so readily lead again into the path of rectitude and virtue, as they were from it. "It is innocent amusement," says one; "It is necessary for recreation," answers a second; "What's the harm?" asks a third. I say it isn't necessary for either. Whatever your occupation, if you desire change; look at your tired worn out mother, and see if there isn't something you can do to alleviate her sufferings, and lighten her toil; or perchance some younger brother or sister has what seems to them an insurmountable task, upon which you might render valuable aid. "There's work enough to do." Life is short and every moment should be useful. Improved. Time once passed is passed forever, and no amount of regrets can bring back a wasted moment.

How sadly deplorable the fact that so many of our young people are running after vain amusements. Besides turning your mind into a lamentably detestable channel, and poisoning your principles, you are injuring your health, that priceless possession one of God's free gifts. Let us try to use our influence in a way not to be repented of, and more especially should this be the case when we assume the responsibility of instructing and directing the youthful mind, well knowing that it is now in a plastic state. VEZORA.

For the Woman's Department.

Our Neighborhood.

It is a fortunate thing to be born and reared in a good neighborhood, one you do not blush to designate as your home. It was my good fortune to be thus blessed, and I appreciate it the more now that I clearly understand the weight that associations and surroundings have in developing character. The people of our neighborhood are tolerably educated, well-to-do, in worldly appurtenances, mind their own business, never go looking into each others barns to see if every animal was numbered in assessing taxes, or criticizing town books to see if the quantity tallies with real possessions. If you have scratched round and saved a hundred or so dollars, it is not trumpeted from the house top. No, they keep the saying of some old patriarch in view that "the Golden Rule ought to be inscribed upon every house lintel, so closely did it score with their walk and conversation. They are also a modest people, too much so for their own good; fluent talkers, willing to tell how things ought to be, but somehow the 'ought to be' seldom becomes a reality, unless some outsider is willing to bear the brunt of possible displeasure and develop that our modest citizens do not. The pioneer received the credit and our neighborhood the taint of inability. Well, after all, that is much better than having spunk minus ability. They are obliging too, I never knew them to refuse to exchange seed-corn or striped beans in seed-time, or share their possessions with poorer cotemporaries. TRUSTY.

For the Woman's Department.

Cheery Words.

Don't be economical of your smiles, kind words and acts. Withholding don't enrich in purse or feeling. Don't be above speaking to that coat-patched candy boy you meet—speak kindly of his little enterprise, encourage him by speaking of the noble results of small beginnings. God only knows the amount of good which may emanate from even this tiny germ. If we never know, "our Father" does, and will place it to our credit in the Book of Accounts. Don't speak sharply to that tired worker, if her work is effective. Can't you see the nervous tremor as she passes the work for inspection, and the suspected fault-finding in her eye and lips? Speak gently and take note. She can defend her case now, and explain why she has failed to meet your approval; but contrawise and a lasting dislike is generated. The heart of one becomes harder and the conduct more arbitrary; the other becomes rebellious and indifferent.

Is not life sweeter that you have showed a fellow creature the place you believe him qualified to fill? Believe God's word and remember, such measure as ye mete shall be measured to you again, double and pressed together. Kind words and smiles cost nothing—only

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, July 3, 1875.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE, OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN THREE MONTHS OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[*Postage Free to all Subscribers.*

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Somerset County.

MR. J. P. CLARK is now calling upon our Subscribers in Penobscot County. P. O. address Riverside.

The Agency Nuisance.

The question of how the public can protect itself against the numerous tramps who infest every part of the country and who have become so peremptory and often insolent in their demands for charity, has of late been quite freely discussed through the public press, but there is still another pest which swarms through the country like an invading army, a nuisance, the abatement of which presents a problem much more difficult of solution than the tramp question. We refer to the army of travelling agents. It is estimated that there are now perambulating the country more than one hundred thousand agents who are non-producers and receive their support at the expense of the industrious classes. In this great army, we would not pretend to say that there are not many whose business is legitimate and who are beneficial to the communities through which they travel, but a great majority of them are engaged in the sale of articles which have no real value and are annually defrauding the people of the country out of millions of dollars. When a person is too lazy to work or wishes to make money faster than he can by honest toil, the first thing he thinks of now-a-days is to become a travelling agent for some patent humbug. There is no doubt that this army of agents take annually out of the laboring classes one hundred millions of dollars for which they give no adequate return. Not only is the country filled with agents engaged in the sale of articles which have no real value, but in consequence of this agency system, articles of utility cost the consumer more than double what they ought to. This fact itself sufficiently indicates that there is something wrong in the system. Take for instance the sewing machine which has now become a necessity in every household. A machine that costs the manufacturer twenty dollars, after having passed through the hands of the agents, each of which charges an exhorbitant profit, it costs the consumer from sixty to seventy five dollars. This single instance illustrates hundreds of others, which are equally burdensome. It is an undeniable fact that on scores and hundreds of articles of domestic use, the consumer is forced to pay two or three hundred per cent. above the cost of manufacture, this enormous advance going into the pockets of middle men or agents. The country is annually paying two hundred millions of dollars as salaries to agents and officers for the privilege of being insured. A large part of the trade between the wholesale merchant and country dealer is now carried on through commercial agents known as "runners" who are paid all the way from fifty to two hundred dollars per month, and these salaries the consumer is obliged to pay. Their expenses too are enormous and these also are charged to the consumer. These runners at certain seasons, swarm the hotels in every country town, and constitute no small proportion of the passengers in the cars. This method of transacting business is really on the increase and the only advantage it affords over the old system, is, that it gives employment to an army of semi-vagrants who are too lazy to work.

Besides the classes of agents to which we have already referred there are legions of persons engaged in minor departments of the same calling. It requires but little capital to set one of this class up in business. The first prerequisite is a *quantum suffici* of conceit and assurance with a tongue trained to lying and deception. The possession of these qualities is what is meant by "being adapted" to the business. It is by these persons that all the minor humbugs of the day are offered for sale at our doors. Books which are worth only their weight as paper stock; bogus jewelry; maps with not a line correctly drawn; pictures not fit to ornament a barn, and a thousand worthless patent devices. These leeches usually take their time to call when the head of the household is absent, and the timid woman buys their wares as the surest and quickest means of getting rid of them.

Strange as it may seem, there are in this country, to-day, more persons asking for agencies or positions as middlemen, in which they hope to get a living without manual labor, than of those who seek positions in all the various useful employments combined. When we look through the country, and see how few the number of farmers' sons who have chosen farming, (which is the most honorable of all callings,) as a profession, we can but feel anxious for the future of agriculture, especially in New England. Worse still, thousands of individuals long established in business, that has afforded them homes and home comforts, are annually abandoning legitimate callings and entering the agency field. At this rate how long will it be before there will not be persons enough left engaged in industrial pursuits, to feed and cloth the vagabond army of agents? There must be a stop put to this business and it cannot be done too quickly. We can think of only one efficient remedy, and let this be put in force at once. Let every industrious man refuse under any and all circumstances to listen to the deceptive stories of these trained liars, and drive them from their doors as public nuisances. Do this, and hunger will ere-long compel them to return to the plow and the workshops, and become producers instead of consumers alone. It will not do to stop and parley with these fellows. They are, many of them, so thoroughly drilled in the art of deceiving that they feel certain of making a victim of every one who will listen to or parley with them. They must be summarily dealt with in such a decided manner that they will not deem it prudent to continue or renew the attack.

ANOTHER NONOGENARIAN. Our correspondent (G. W. H.) says: John Parsons was born in Jaffery, N. H., June 17, 1781, and was therefore ninety-four years old on the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. When a small boy, his parents removed to Hubbardston, Mass. Here he followed the occupation of farming, until twenty-one years old, when he emigrated to Paris, Oxford Co., Maine, where he lived, still tilling the soil, until he came to live with his son Levi, in Easton, Aroostook Co., thirteen years ago. His health is quite good, and his faculties but very little impaired. He visits among his neighbors, walking off smarter than many men of fifty. He reads print without glasses—does many chores about the house, such as splitting wood, bringing water &c. He bids fair to reach his "Centennial."

☞ Richard F. Lyman, a printer living at the north end in Boston, fatally stabbed his wife, Sunday evening with a pocket knife. Rum was the exciting cause.

CITY NEWS AND GOSSIP. Rev. C. F. Penney preached the annual sermon before the graduating class of Bates College.—Rev. Miss Haynes of Hallowell officiated at two of our city churches Sunday.—The season of fire crackers is close at hand.—Augusta is to celebrate the glorious fourth by having the bells rung three times.—The work of steam-heating and ventilating the court house has been commenced.—Three young men, named John Fitzgerald Wm. Nicholas and Wm. Cogan, were arrested Sunday night, in the little store at the north end of Water street, kept by Emma Gaslin, a cripple, which they had entered for purposes of plunder. They were arraigned before the municipal court and held to bail, failing to procure which, they were committed.—Mr. Reuben Packard of Manchester, a man about 60 years of age, was on Saturday, found near Bridge Square lying upon the ground in a bleeding condition. Investigation showed that he, from some cause, fell down and was unable to rise. At first it was thought to be a case of foul play.—Ripe strawberries are now found in the fields in the vicinity of Augusta.—We learn that Mr. D. W. Pillsbury, the obliging Freight Agent of the Maine Central railroad and long employed in that capacity in this city has been relieved of the duties of that position, hereafter to be performed by Mr. Walker, Station Agent and Mr. Allen, telegraphic operator.—Eleven workmen were discharged from the Maine Central shops in this city on Wednesday. The company is reducing its expenses all round on account of the falling off in the receipts of the road.—A sturgeon measuring eight feet and weighing 257 pounds was captured in the Kennebec river Monday and was displayed in the new fish market of M. S. Moulton. This species of fish is very numerous in the Hudson river and is sold in all the fish markets by the name of "Albany Beef."—Edward Fenno, Esq., a former citizen of Augusta, but for several years a resident of Washington is to spend the summer months here. He is hale and hearty for a man of his years.—Rev. C. R. Moor, formerly pastor of the Winthrop street Universalist church, accompanied by his daughter is spending a few days in this city.—The barge Yosemite will make an excursion down the river on the fifth of July.—The following are the promotions in the village schools: 43 enter the High School; about the same number enter the Grammar School and nearly twice that number will go up from the primary to the intermediate schools.

CITY AFFAIRS. A regular meeting of the City Council was held Saturday evening.

A petition was received from B. E. Potter and others for permanent stone drain from intersection of State and Green streets, to sewer near the Ross House, and over land of D. T. Pike, was referred to a special committee. Also petition of Mrs. Lydia D. Ward for compensation for injuries received on account of slippery condition of sidewalk in front of J. H. Clapp's.

Petitions were presented for sidewalk on School Street from John Ward's to near Ames L. Wright's, and for concrete sidewalk on west side of Spring Street.

The Street Commissioner for the east side was directed to put in repair the road extending from the north to the south Belfast road, and the Street Commissioner for the west side was directed to finish the sidewalk on Oxford Street, began three years ago.

Several parties were authorized to *vend* and *sell* (otherwise to sell and sell) fireworks for five consecutive days from July 1st, (not excepting Sunday.)

Measures were taken looking to a final settlement with J. P. Deering late city collector. Several minor orders were passed.

An order to light the street lamps on dark evenings was voted down. Subsequently a similar order which had passed the common Council came before the Board of Aldermen and was refused a passage. The following was the vote: In favor of lighting the streets Thompson, Nash and Clapp; opposed, Libby, Whitehouse and Brann. The Mayor had the right to vote "yes" but declined to do so, thus arraying himself with those "who chose darkness rather than light."

The Mayor thought it cost the City $1600, to light the streets last year, but a member of the Board of Aldermen who was also a member last year, showed that, exclusive of lighting the bridge which is not discontinued, it cost only $555,50 from Apr. 1st 1874, to Apr. 1st 1875.

A proposition from the N. E. Gas Light Co., to light the streets of the city with gasoline, was presented by the Mayor, and referred to the committee on gas and gas fixtures, and the Mayor added to said committee.

Roll of accounts No. 3 was approved and ordered to be paid.

☞ Mr. Joseph O. Smith, who has occupied the position of Chief Clerk in the office of Secretary of State for the past two years, closed his connection with the office on the 30th of June. His dismissal causes considerable local comment, and by some the Secretary is severely censured. We remember distinctly that similar comments were made when Mr. Pishon was dismissed from this same office two years ago, and was immediately succeeded by Mr. Smith, to whom the place had already been promised. Both of them are pleasant gentlemen and we have no doubt were efficient clerks, and we know of no reason why one of them should or should not be dismissed any more than the other. Both incidents show the uncertain tenure of political office, and the extreme folly of leaving any honorable business which affords a livelihood, to accept one. Mr. Pishon made the best of the situation, and entered at once into business where we presume he is doing much better, pecuniarily, than when he held the clerkship, and where he can exercise that independence which is unknown to him who holds a subordinate office. Mr. Smith can, and doubtless will do likewise.

☞ The Hyers sisters, supported by Mr. Wallace King, tenor, Mr. John W. Luca, baritone and Mr. A. C. Taylor, pianist, gave two of their popular concerts at Granite Hall, last week and on Sunday evening they gave a sacred concert at the same place. These musical entertainments were of rare excellence, and deserved a much better patronage than they received. Miss Anna M. Hyers, soprano, is gifted with a remarkably clear and sweet voice, and sings with fine effect. Her sister Emma L., contralto, has much musical talent and both of them evinced thorough and systematic training. They were also well supported by other members of the troupe. These colored vocalists are very unlike the ordinary Jubilee singers which have visited our state for a year or two past. They are well educated and trained in music, and render with fine effect, not only the Jubilee songs of the south, but the more difficult compositions of Strauss, and other celebrated musical writers. They are to spend some time in this State, and we trust our readers will give them a cordial greeting wherever they go.

☞ Our thanks are due to the Misses Eaton for an elegant boquet placed upon our table during our absence one day last week. It contained besides choice varieties of the more common June flowers, several rare specimens which we had never before seen.

☞ Prof. Vose, in a private note, informs us that the drawings made by the Engineering students in Bowdoin College will be on exhibition at the College this week and next, where those who wish can examine them.

☞ The Silas Bates Mill at Somerset Mills was destroyed by fire Wednesday. Loss $5000.

☞ By reference to our report of the doings of the City Council, it will be noticed that the Board of Aldermen, at the meeting Saturday, again voted adversely to lighting the street lamps. We had hoped that the City Council would, on reflection, reverse their former action, which is almost universally condemned by the leading business men of the city. But it seems their first steps were deliberately taken, and they are determined to adhere to their course. It is true that action was had looking to a cheaper method of lighting the streets, but why not keep the street lamps burning on dark nights, until the new method can be provided? The expense of lighting the city by the present method is not burdensome, and we do not believe that by any new system a saving can be made. Official figures show that the entire cost of gas for keeping the few street lamps burning on dark nights during the past year, the bridge lamps excepted, was $555.50, and in a city with a valuation of more than four millions of dollars, is it economy to jeopardize the property of the citizens and run the extra risk of damage on account of defective sidewalks, for the sake of saving the paltry sum of one dollar and fifty cents per day? We have always advocated a rigid economy in the administration of public affairs, but in this case the economy is in more light rather than in less or none at all. There is such a thing as shutting the spigot and opening the bung. We hope it may not prove so in this case.

On account of the numerous shade trees bordering on many of our streets, and especially on State st., when the night is dark and the lamps unlighted, it is almost impossible for one to pick his way along. And what a fine opportunity it affords the burglar to ply his nefarious trade, and what deeds of wickedness and crime can be perpetrated under cover of this impenetrable blackness? The expense of the police force costs the city several times as much as the gas for illumination, and we believe the city would feel and be safer with the light and without the police, than even with an augmented police without the light. Of course every rumseller, burglar, thief and other rogue who go to make up the dangerous class, if we have any such, will approve the action of the Board of Aldermen, and this fact is one of the strongest reasons why that action should be reversed. We have heard no good nor even plausible reason given in defence of the position assumed by our city government, and time will develop whether they were prompted by economical or selfish motives.

☞ The *Whig* says that a meeting was held in Bangor Friday, of the creditors of the European & North American R. R. Co. The condition of affairs was found more favorable than was anticipated. Hon. Noah Woods, Treasurer, presented a report of the financial condition of the Company, showing the funded debt to be $4,765,000, and all other indebtedness, $1,461,749. The assets are 206 miles of railway in good condition, equipments costing $668,216; real estate in Bangor and St. John. $215.897; grant of about 600,000 acres of land from the State of Maine; other assets, $123,000.

On motion of John Cummings. Esq., of Boston, the following committee were appointed to investigate the condition of affairs and report thereon: Geo. Stetson, Bangor; Asa Faunce, Belfast; A. P. Gould, Thomaston; John J. Berry, Rockland; Isaac Benson, St. John; G. E. B. Jackson, Portland; John Wooldredge, Boston.

There was a general expression of sympathy for the enterprising men who have risked so much upon the success of the road. And so far as could be learned, the disposition was unanimous to afford every reasonable facility for an adjustment that will enable them to lift their burdens.

The Committee appointed is regarded a very strong one, and its recommendations, after a careful examination of affairs, will carry great weight.

Another meeting of the directors will be called for soon as the Committee shall be ready to report.

LIFE INSURANCE IN MAINE. Part 2 of the annual report of the Insurance Commissioner, Hon. Joshua Nye, contains a synopsis of life and accident insurance, from which it appears that at the close of 1874, thirty-three Life and three Accident Insurance Companies were authorized and doing business in this State. The business of 1874 is shown by the following figures: The gross assets amounted to $346,588,570 49. The liabilities amounted to $317,771,400 22. The total surplus, as regards policy-holders is $28,817,170 27. The income amounted to $103,122,414 59. The expenditures amounted to $70,650,011 96. The total excess of income over expenditures is $32,535,078 07. The number and amount of policies terminated during 1874 by death or maturity was 7480, amounting to $20,595,191; terminated by expiry, 1718, amounting to $4,705,357; terminated by surrender, 26,645, amounting to $75,668,712; terminated by lapse, 57,471, amounting to $142,593,547. The number of policies issued was 2770; amount insured, $4,150,456 00; premiums received, $795,534-14; losses and claims incurred during the year, $281,768 00; losses and claims paid, $342,569 45; amount of taxes paid on premiums, $1477 10; whole number of policies in force in the State at close of 1874, 16,421; whole amount insured, $27,522,414 00. The office paid into the State Treasury above salary of Commissioner, office rent, clerk hire, etc., $1367 56.

☞ Our exchanges continue to speak of the ravages of the canker worm. It may be that this pest has made its appearance in some parts of Maine but we have examined several localities and have not seen one. We suspect that the so called canker worm is the Forest-tent caterpillar, an account of which we gave in a recent issue. The canker worm is a span worm measuring its length at each step as it moves along.

☞ The third annual reunion of the Second Maine Veteran Cavalry Association will be held at Bath, Wednesday, Sept. 1st. The exercises will consist of a parade, the usual business meeting, oration, banquet and ball in the evening. Gov. Dingley Senator Hamlin, Gen. Connor and other distinguished men have been invited to be present. The soldiers' societies and military organizations in the vicinity have been invited to participate.

☞ Jefferson will celebrate on Saturday, third of July. The programme consists of a Fantastic Parade. Address by Dr. J. D. Montgomery, Miss Hulda B. Lord and L. M. Staples, Esq., to close with a horse trot on the Jefferson Trotting Park. Dinner will be served at the town hall at twelve o'clock.

☞ There is to be a celebration in Portland on Monday the 5th of July, the principal features of which are a military parade and a Yacht Regatta in the harbor. Most if not all the military companies in the State will be present, and the Regatta premises to be a very attractive affair.

☞ We learn that Professor Arthur G. Moulton, a graduate of Bates College and late principal of Lapham Institute, North Scituate, R. I., died in that place Thursday morning. His remains were brought to his mother's in Greene, where funeral services were held Sunday.

☞ Our correspondent (S. D.) writes us that the telegraph has been completed to Philips, and that they will have a railroad when the people became converted to the narrow gauge system.

☞ We learn that the Oakland Park, Association, Gardiner, will hold meetings on Sept. 7, 8, 9, 10, and offers $3000,00 in purses.

THE GIBBET. According to the provisions of law and in obedience to the mandate of Governor Dingley, Wagner and Gordon the supposed murderers, were killed by strangling in the prison yard at Thomaston on Friday. We say supposed murderers, because the testimony upon which they were convicted was entirely circumstantial and both protested their innocence to the last moment. The execution was witnessed by the officers of the prison, a few surgeons and seventeen reporters for the daily newspapers.

The crimes of which these men were convicted were of so atrocious a character that notwithstanding the lapse of time, especially in the case of Wagner, since they were arrested, the circumstances are yet fresh in the minds of our readers. The chain of circumstances by which each man was connected with his crime, in the legal examination, was very strong, but while a majority of the community believe in their guilt, there are good men who believe in their innocence and others who have doubts. The fact of their dying without having made any confession will have a tendency to strengthen these doubts. During his protracted imprisonment Wagner was, for the most part of the time, cheerful and refused to believe that the extreme penalty of the law would be enforced. He exhibited none of the bravado of low criminals, but protesting in his innocence, he professed to believe in the interposition of Providence in his behalf. There was but little change in his demeanor up to the last moment of his life. He walked firmly to the gallows and chatted with the officer while he was adjusting the black cap and rope. His neck was broken by the fall, and he was killed instantly. His last words were expessions of sympathy for his fellow convict. The most horrible part of the story yet remains to be told. When the officers repaired to Gordon's cell to conduct him to the place of execution, they found him lying upon his bed in a senseless condition, and on examination it was found that he had attempted suicide and that a short delay would have rendered it successful. From some source he had obtained a shoe knife, with which he had tried to sever the large blood vessels of his thigh, but not being acquainted with anatomy and failing in this, he had endeavored to stab himself to the heart. In this he also failed, and the knife penetrated the left lung. When found he was breathing heavily and occasionally moaning, his eyes rolled up, and evidently approaching his end. In this dying condition he was taken up by four men and borne to the platform when the rope was placed about his neck and he was swung off with Wagner. It was his awful condition when brought upon the platform, that elicited the sympathetic words of Wagner: "Poor Gordon! he is most gone!" Gordon was senseless and the official strangling produced no pain. A letter was found in his cell written to Warden Rice in which, after expressing thanks for his kind treatment, he says that knowing his entire innocence of the crime of which he was convicted, he felt that he had a right to avoid an ignominious death on the gallows, by taking his own life.

The accounts given by the several reporters are essentially alike, and all agree that the affair was horrible, one not soon to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The graphic and able report given by the correspondent of the Portland *Press*, closes as follows:

"Such is a brief outline of the tragic and brutal affair in this town to-day, all the more tragic and brutal because demanded by the laws of one of the most intelligent and conscientious commonwealths on the continent. For many days, even to their dying day, those statue-like spectators of that breathless scene, will shudder at memory's picture of that frowning gallows, of that half dead wretch borne to death and the ghastly horror of the entire tragedy."

The funeral services of Wagner and Gordon took place in the prison chapel on the night after the execution, the convicts all being present. It was a very solemn occasion. The remains of Gordon were given to his friends and buried in Thorndike. There having been no claim presented by the Maine Medical School for the body of Wagner, it was buried in the grounds attached to the prison.

We do not propose to make any special comments upon these occurrences at the present time. We are aware that public opinion in this state is divided as to the expediency of capital punishment, and its value as a preventive of crime. The two last legislatures were very evenly divided, a small majority being in favor of retaining the gallows. But in point of ability the preponderance was largely the other way. One of the prominent religious denominations of the state has recently put itself upon record upon the subject, as will be seen by reference to the resolutions in another column.

It is quite probable that the effect of these horrible occurences at Thomaston, will be a reaction against the retention of the death penalty upon our Statute books, and will lead to a closer scrutiny of the views of candidates for seats in the Legislature, on the part of electors.

OBITUARY. At the Annual Convocation of Dunlap Royal Arch Chapter at China, June 23d, A. D. 1875, the sad intelligence of the death of our worthy Companion Rufus R. Williams, was announced, and the following preamble and resolutions were offered and adopted:

"Whereas, The enclosure of our Sacred Sanctuary has again been invaded by the Messenger of Death, and has removed from our assemblies our much respected and dearly beloved companion Rufus R. Williams, thereby separating us from his sweet companionship on earth, and causing our hearts to be sad, as we remember him we so much delighted to meet, and whom we so tenderly loved therefore.

Resolved, That in the death of this dear companion, for many years an efficient and highly esteemed member of this Chapter, filling its most important stations with marked ability and entire satisfaction, being always interested, active and self-sacrificing to secure the best interest and highest good of our institution, the genuine principles of which he so much loved and so beautifully exemplified in his blameless life; this Chapter has lost one of its most generous and faithful friends, the institution at large a worthy and exemplary member, we as individuals a genial companion and pleasing associate, and society and the State a pure and highminded citizen.

Resolved, That upon the tablets of our hearts we will engrave the memory of Companion Williams, and spread upon our records this testimony of our regard, to the end that we may profit by the recollection and practice of his many virtues.

Resolved, That a copy of this testimonial be sent to the family of our Companion, also a copy to the Maine Farmer, and one to the Gardiner Home Journal, for publication.

W. W. WASHBURN, *Sec'y.*

☞ Mrs. Kent Mason, a very effective and accomplished speaker in the cause of temperance will lecture at Granite Hall on Sunday evening next. The meeting to open at a quarter before eight. The several churches will omit their usual Sunday evening prayer meetings, (or hold them earlier,) for the purpose of enabling all interested in the cause of temperance to be present and listen to the eloquent words of this accomplished lady. She comes to us endorsed by clergymen and other gentlemen of the highest character, and we hope she will be the means of doing great good in our community.

THE FOURTH AT GARDINER. There is to be a grand Yacht Regatta at Gardiner, on Saturday, July 3, distance three miles, and open to all boats, also single skull, log, tub and skiff races. On Monday, the 5th, there will be a horse trot at Oakland Park.

☞ There is to be a camp-meeting on the 9th, 10th, and 11th, days of July, at the Maple Grove, on the farm of Hiram Stevens, in Carroll, a union religious meeting to which all are invited.

A NEW ROUTE TO MT. DESERT. Those who find the leisure and means to spend a portion of the heated term, which now seems to have come upon us in good earnest, at the many pleasant summer resorts on our seaboard, will be glad to learn that a new route has been opened to Mt. Desert, which bids fair to rival and perhaps outstrip all others on the score of superior attractions, convenience and popularity. Tourists from the western portion of the State and from Boston and New York, wishing to visit Mt. Desert, have hitherto been obliged to make the trip from Portland by steamer in the night, over a rough route, shut up in close state rooms, and not unfrequently subjected to the horrors of sea-sickness, or kept awake by nervous apprehensions of shipwreck and collision with other vessels in the darkness, and with no opportunity of seeing and enjoying the grand and constantly changing view of shore and ocean, which, with many, are among the chief, if not the most desirable objects of the trip.

The new route reverses all this, and offers the most delightful inducements to the journey by rail and steamer, through by daylight, of which one can possibly conceive. Taking the cars of the Maine Central at Augusta, Portland or Lewison, at 6 A. M., on Tuesday, Thursday or Saturday morning, you are conveyed in about two hours to Bath, where, without change of cars you are ferried across the Kennebec river, and thence, after another two hours' ride over the Knox & Lincoln road to Rockland. This is one of the most interesting and charming stages of the trip—presenting a pleasing succession of field and forest, lake and river scenery, with occasional glimpses of the distant sea; the train making brief occasional stops at the station of some quaint old historic town, which the whistle of the locomotive seems to have started out of its Rip Van Winkle sleep of half a century into new life and enterprise. Wiscasset, Damariscotta, Waldoboro' and Thomaston, are among the oldest and most interesting towns in Maine, and to the intelligent tourist or historical student are worthy of more than the passing glimpses of them we are permitted to enjoy. We commend a summer day's ride over the Knox & Lincoln Railroad as something to be enjoyed and remembered among the pleasant incidents of such a trip as we are describing.

At Rockland the staunch and commodious steamer Ulysses, Capt. David Robinson, is in waiting to take the passengers on board for Mt. Desert and Sullivan. The steamer is an excellent sea boat, purchased and fitted up expressly for this route. The captain is an experienced and careful seaman, gentlemanly and kind to all under his charge, and his officers, among whom we would mention with especial commendation, Capt. George Averill, the polite and attentive clerk of the boat, evidently know their duties, and do not fail to inspire even the most timid traveller with a feeling of safety and confidence. At 10.15 A. M. the boat leaves the wharf, and steaming rapidly out into Penobscot Bay, lays her course for that Mecca of pleasure-pilgrims, Mt. Desert. Soon we pass Owl's Head on our right, with its lighthouse, and fog-bell moved by the surf, perpetually sounding its mournful note of warning. Behind us the city of lime-kilns is fast receding from our view, and to the left in the distance, the mountains of Camden, old Megunticus among the most prominent, and the last to linger in the vision, before the western shore sinks into the green waters of the beautiful bay. Through the Fox and Deer Isle Thoroughfares the steamer continues her quiet way, new objects of sea and shore on either hand attracting the delighted attention, and then receding from the view, to be succeeded by others in an apparently never-failing panoramic procession of novelty and beauty. We wish we could convey to our readers even the faintest colors of the picture as it appeared to us on one of the bright June days of last week, when we were privileged to enjoy it with a pleasant company of excursionists. We cannot, and therefore forbear further description.

With the exception of the brief transit across Penobscot and Eastern Bays, the whole passage is almost completely landlocked, and protected from the roughness of the sea. The steamer threads her way through the beautiful archipelego of islands which gem the coast, and effectually serve as breakwaters against the rude assaults of the angry Atlantic. Thus the passage is at all times, except in very rough weather, so smooth and pleasant and safe, that no person with a clean conscience and good digestion, need apprehend trouble from sea-sickness or danger from the perils which ordinarily beset the voyager by the outside route from Portland to Mt. Desert.

Immediately upon emerging from Deer Isle Thoroughfare, we begin to obtain views of Mt. Desert Island, which looms in the distance, shrouded at first with a thin, grey mist, but as we continue to approach, its grand and rugged outlines stand more clearly revealed. For several hours we enjoy the magnificent and constantly changing view, skirting the shore from south-west to north-cast, and making a nearly complete semi-circuit of the island, until, prompt to the moment, Capt. Robinson safely lands his passengers at the wharf in Bar Harbor, at four and a half o'clock in the afternoon—the trip being made from Rockland to Mt. Desert in about six hours.

We cannot devote the space to describe the attractions of this popular resort, as our purpose has simply been to call attention to the opening of the new and delightful route which will enable visitors to reach Bar Harbor comfortably and pleasantly by daylight—to enjoy more and suffer less than by any other means of conveyance to and fro. The return trip is equally well arranged for the convenience and enjoyment of excursionists. The steamer leaves Bar Harbor at 6 o'clock on the mornings of Monday, Wednesday and Friday, reaching Rockland at 12 P. M., giving passengers ample time for dinner, and enabling them to take the P. M. train for Augusta, Lewiston and Portland, over the K. & L. and Maine Central Railroads, or landing them at 10 o'clock the same evening in Boston, via the Boston & Maine road. The superior advantages of the newly opened route only need to be known to be appreciated by the public.

We should mention that in addition to the facilities offered by this route to pleasure travel, it opens a new and very desirable means of steamboat communication with Portland and Boston, to a portion of the State which has hitherto been deprived of the privilege. The tri-weekly trips of the Ulysses are continued from Bar Harbor up Frenchman's Bay to Lamoine and Sullivan, thus accommodating the business and travelling public of those towns and others in the vicinity. Leaving Sullivan at 5 A. M., passengers are landed in Portland at 6, and in Boston at 10 o'clock same evening. It also gives visitors at Bar Harbor the opportunity for a sail over the beautiful waters of Frenchman's Bay and a visit to the delightful town of Sullivan, where they may make the acquaintance of cultivated and agreeable people, and witness some of the finest scenery to be seen anywhere on the coast of Eastern Maine.

We must not conclude without expressing our grateful acknowledgments to our friend L. L. Lincoln, esq., the efficient and gentlemanly agent of the Boston & Maine Railroad in this city, under whose auspices and management the two days' excursion in which we participated was so pleasantly and successfully carried out. We are also indebted, in common with the other members of the party, to C. A. Coombs, esq., Superintendent of the K. & L. Railroad, and G. W. Kimball, jr., of Rockland, one of the enterprising proprietors of the steamer, for many polite attentions and much valuable information, which contributed materially to the comfort and pleasure of the excursion. They will please accept our thanks and the assurances of our most distinguished consideration.

Editor's Table.

PETERSON'S JOURNAL. We are in recipt of the July number of Peterson's Journal of popular Literature. This number contains over twenty interesting articles and every issue is complete in itself. Address H. Peterson & Co., New York.

ST. NICHOLAS. This charming juvenile comes regularly to hand. The July number has a historical sketch by Geo. J. Varney, giving an account of the capture of the Margaretta at Machias one hundred years ago. This periodical has become very popular. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE NURSERY. The July number sparkles all over with bright pictures and interesting stories. This little juvenile is a welcome monthly visitant in every family with children. J. L. Shorey, Boston, publishes it.

INTERNATIONAL REVIEW. The July number contains the following attractive table of contents: Freeman's Norman Conquest; India in some of its Social and Political Aspects; Deafmutism; The Survey of Palestine; John Stuart Mill, etc. Published six times a year at $5.00, at No. 111 William Street, N. Y.

SCRIBNER. The July number of Scribner's Monthly has "Kearny at Seven Pines" a ballad by Stedman illustrated by Darley; "The City of the Golden Gate;" Dr. Hallard's Story of "Sevenoaks" is continued and there are several other articles of equal interest.

☞ From T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia we have received two volumes of the cheap edition of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, viz: Anne of Glerstein and Highland Widow. Price 25 cts. each.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. The initial engraving in the July number is entitled A Musical Party on the Fourth of July. This is followed by Fashion Plates, Patterns for needle and crochet work, choice reading matter &c. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

LIPPINCOTT'S. The July number which came promptly to hand contains a fine table of contents. "May in Java" illustrated, is the initial article. This is followed by thirteen other articles besides Monthly Gossip and Literature of the day. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, are the publishers.

THE YEAR BOOK FOR 1875. We are indebted to Messrs. Hoyt, Fogg, and Dunham, for the year book for the current year. It contains a list of Federal and State Officers since the formation of the government, a brief history of each town in the State with the town officers, postmasters and professional men for the current year, and a vast amount of statistical matter which every business man should have at hand. The publication of this volume involves great expense, and should be liberally patronized.

KENNEBEC COUNTY ITEMS. The Gardiner Reporter says that Isaac Smith who lives near that city, had nine sheep and lambs killed last Monday, and a neighbor, Hugh Smith, found five of his flock dead. It is thought to be the work of dogs.—The Waterville Soldiers' Monument Association was organized last week by the choice of the following officers: Pres., G. A. Phillips; Vice Pres., F. E. Heath; Sec'y., D. B. Wing; Treas., G. L. Robinson. Steps will be taken at once to decide upon some suitable monument and raise money to build it.—The Gardiner Reporter says the field strawberries will be abundant this year in that locality.—The commencement exercises of the Classical Institute at Waterville begin Thursday evening.—The Kennebec Journal has been shown a sample of native substance similar to cotton, spontaneously produced in Hallowell. The Journal says, "It is possible we may supersede cotton and prevent going South for that article."—The prizes for excellence in reading, offered by Hannibal Hamlin to the Freshman class of Colby University, were awarded to F. E. Dewhurst and Henry E. Thompson, at the exhibition Wednesday evening. The Senior class of Colby numbers sixteen.—The final examination took place on Wednesday. Commencement occurs July 28.—The Classical institute at Waterville will graduate next week a class of twenty-five prepared for college.—At the annual convocation of Dunlap R. A. Chapter No. 12, of China, the following officers were elected: C. E. Dunton, H. P.; J. E. Crossman, K.; Mark Rollins, S.; J. P. Perkins, Treas.; W. W. Washburn, Secy.; L. W. Rollins, C. H.; John E. James, P. S.; W. S. Hunnewell, R. A. C.; E. A. Ward, M. 3d V.; B. J. Rackliff, M. 2d V.; L. J. Randall, M. 1st V.—At the oil-cloth factory of A. Sampson & Sons in Hallowell, a force of about forty men is now employed, which the Examiner says is soon to be somewhat increased.—The Good templars of Manchester, with several neighboring Lodges, are to have a temperance celebration and a basket picnic on Monday, July 5th. The services will be held in a beautiful grove near the cross roads. Among the speakers invited, are J. K. Osgood of Gardiner, and Hon. Joshua Nye of Augusta.—A little son of G. T. Stevens, Esq., of West Waterville, two and a half years old, was kicked by a horse loose in the street, on the back of his head, last Tuesday, fracturing his skull. The body was taken up for dead, strange to say the child is doing well, and will live.—There was a prize reading of the Freshmen class of Colby University, at College Chapel, on Wednesday evening, June 23d. Music was furnished by the College Quartette. Prizes not yet awarded.—A meeting of the Maine State Pure Blood Jersy Stock Association was held at Winthrop the 26th of June, when the association organized under the charter granted by the last Legislature. P. H. Snell of Winthrop was elected President; Samuel Kimball, West Waterville, and Seth N. Kent, Buckport, Vice Presidents; N. R. Pike, Winthrop, Secretary and Treasurer; Hon. C. A. Wing, Winthrop, Samuel Guild, Augusta, and C. S. Robbins, Winthrop, Directors; N. R. Pike, Amos Wheeler and S. T. Floyd, Committee on pedigrees.

☞ At the recent term of the United States District Court at Bangor, Judge Fox presiding the following cases were tried: In the case of W. N. Goold, peivate banker under the style of the Bank of Portland, the allegations of fraud were withdrawn and defendant adjudged bankrupt upon default.

The United States vs. James Robertson and David McLead, action to recover statute penalty for selling scrap iron alleged to have been fraudulently imported at Eastport. In this case the jury brought a verdict contrary to the Judge's charge, and he discharged them. A new jury was empanneled and the following cases tried before it: Jeremiah Foster et al. assignees of E. Longfew & Son, bankrupts, vs. George W. Smith et al. Verdict for defendant, $747.87.

The United States vs. David McLead was the next case, being a similar one against same parties, for whom the discharged jury brought in a wrong verdict and were discharged. The new jury disagreed and the court then adjourned *sine die*.

☞ A new Band has been organized at Freeport, and for six months has been practising under the instruction of Mr. J. Cole, of the Portland Band, and have just procured a new uniform. The band numbers fifteen men and already play with great taste. They have received an order to play for the Fourth of July celebration at Lisbon Falls, or Little River as it is more generally called.

☞ Two colored men, Oliver Spencer and Kelley McDonald, were executed at Timmonsville, S. C., on Friday for the crime of murder. They were convicted of murdering two of their own race. A large crowd of colored people witnessed the execution,

Items of Maine News.

Phillips intends to celebrate the 4th.

The *Chronicle* says that Farmington Falls has a Reform Club.

Scarlet fever has been very fatal in the vicinity of Prospect.

Many sheep were lost in Temple in the late storm.

The Richmond camp meeting will commence Aug. 12 this season.

Phil. Sheridan trotted one-half mile in the race at Bangor in 1 minute and 12 seconds.

Blueberries promise to be abundant in the famous Washington county plains.

The Register says that over one hundred sheep were killed in Woodstock by the late storm.

The Lewiston *Journal* is pleased because five of the seven lady graduates of the city high school wore calico dresses graduating day.

The interval corn in Buckfield was, in some instances, several feet under water just after the recent rains.

The wife of Mr. Isaiah Harriman of Belfast died almost instantly Friday evening. Heart disease was supposed to be the case.

Mr. W. T. Locke of Farmington had his pocket picked of $40 at the Bunker Hill celebration.

Work in the steam engineering department at the Kittery navy yard was suspended Thursday noon until further orders.

The *News* chronicles the death of Dea. Jacob Shuman of Waldoboro' at the advanced age of 90 years. He had been a member of the Baptist church 60 years.

John Welch, a bad boy of 15, and living in Lewiston, stole $65 of his mother last week and started for the Hub, where he was arrested.

J. D. Hill of Moscow had seventy-five sheep perish in the rain storm of Friday night June 19th. They were newly sheared and in a remote pasture.

Benj. Safford, a well known and respected citizen of Hope, fell dead while harnessing his horse Friday of last week. His age was sixty-seven.

A house near the ferry in Prospect, owned by the heirs of Jerry Sweetzer, was burned on the morning of the 19th. Supposed to be the work of a fire bug. No insurance.

Between 11 and 12 o'clock Tuesday night, week, the blacksmith shop at North Bradford, occupied by William Hall

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 30.

At market for the current week—Cattle 2932; Sheep and Lambs 6000; Swine 7,300. Number of Western Cattle 3817. Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 120. Eastern Cattle 15.

BEEF CATTLE.—Prices per 100 lbs. live weight, extra quality $7 50@7 75; first quality $6 75@7 37½; second quality $6 25@6 62½; third quality $5 25@6 12; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $5 00@5 62.

BRIGHTON HIDES—7c @ lb.; Brighton Tallow 6c @ lb.

COUNTRY HIDES—6@6½c @ lb.; Country Tallow 5@5½c @ lb.

CALF SKINS—14@14c @ lb. Sheep Skins $0 00@0 00 each. Lamb Skins 50c each. Sheared Skins 35c each.

HORSE HIDES—Are in fair demand and sales at $2 50@3 00 each, according to size and quality.

PETROLEUM—Cargo lots are quoted at 17½c per gallon for Northern and Eastern. Potatoes are scarce and prices continue to be well sustained, with sales of Jackson Whites at 90@95c @ bush; new Southern are selling at $3@4 @ bbl. Medium Beans are in demand and firm, with sales at $1 90@2; extra Pea at $2@2 25; and Yellow Eyes at $3 per bush. A lot of new Bermuda Potatoes sold at auction at $6 50 per bbl. and 3500 crates Bermuda Onions, in poor orders at 50c@$1 per crate. Good Bermuda Onions are selling at $1@1 25 per crate.

HAY—The receipts of Hay have been large, and the demand is steady. We quote sales of prime at $23 and medium grades at $18@20 per ton. Rye Straw is firm, and has been in demand at $25 per ton.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, June 30.

COTTON—Sales 481 bales—middling uplands 25½.

FLOUR—Sales 16,000bbls.—State $4 20@4 80; Round Hoop Ohio, $4 90@7 00; Western $4 50@4 80; South ern $4 90@8 25.

WHEAT—Sales 168,000 bush. No. 2 Milwaukie, $1 19@1 19; No. 1, $1 20@1 22; No. 1, Chicago, $1 09@1 09; No. 2, $1 12½@1 13; No. 2, Mixed, $1 14; No. 3, $1 14@1 40 Winter Red, $1 21@1 30; Amber, $1 35@1 36; No. 1, Iowa, $1 12@1 22; White Michigan, $1 31@1 40; Winter Western, $1 28@1 34.

CORN—Sales 50,000 bushels. Western 75@79.

OATS—Sales 90,000 bushels—Western 66@68.

PORK—Sales 350 bbls. New Mess, $20 70@20 75.

LARD—Steam, 16c; Kettle, 14½c.

STOCK—Bullocks, $7 @7 50; Porto Rico, @7; Cuba, —@7; Havana White, @.

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, June 30.

Gold opened at 117¼ and closed at 117.

Money was easy at 2@3 per cent. on call.

United States Sixes (coupons) 1881 126¼; 5-20's 1862, 1864, 118¾; 1865, 122½; 1865 (January and July) 121¾; 1867, 125¾; 1868, 124¾; New 5's, 118¾; 10-40's (coupons), 119¾; Currency, 122½.

Augusta City Market.

FRIDAY, July 1.

APPLES—No green in market; dried 7@10c according to quality.

BUTTER—The market well supplied at 25@23c per pound.

BEANS—$2 00@2 50 for Pea and Yellow Eyes.

CHEESE—Choice factory 16@17c.

FLOUR—Superfine to common extra $6 50@7 50; Good brands at $7 50@8 00; choice Western $8 50; St. Louis favorite brands $9 00@11 00.

GRAIN—Corn $1 00@1 05; Oats 80 cts.; Barley, 80@90.

HAY—But few loads of loose in the market this week and we withdraw our quotations.

HONEY—Choice box honey 30@35c. per lb.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides, 6½c; calf skins, 12@14; sheep skins $1 00@1 50; lamb skins, 50c.

LIME—$1 35@1 40 @ cask.

MEAL—Corn 95@100; rye @1 75 @ bushel.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 40@40c; eggs, @20c; lard, 18@20c.

SHORTS—@1.75 per 100 lbs.

SEEDS—Herdsgrass, $3.00@3.50; Red Top $1.25; Orchard grass $3.00; Michigan Clover 14c; Northern N. Y. Clover 16c; Alsike Clover 30c; Timothy per bush. weighing 47c; Connecticut clover 18c. Hungarian Grass, $2.50. Millet, $2.50.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork, $28@30, @ 200 lbs; beef @ side 10@11c; round hog 9@10c; ham 14@16c; turkeys 17@20c; veals 8@10c; mutton 9@10c; spring lambs 18@20c; fowls, 15@18; geese 15c.

WOOL—The new clip is being brought to market in small quantities, sales being made at 45@48c for medium to fine.

WOOD—Mill wood, delivered, $4 @ cord.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 30.

APPLES—are selling at $3.50@3.75 @ bbl. Dried 8@12

BUTTER—Selling at 25@30c for family. Store, from 20@25c @ lb.

BEANS—We quote hand-picked pea beans at @2 50@2 75; yellow eyes, @2 12½@2 00.

CHEESE—Factory is selling at 13@14c @ lb; Vermont and New York Dairy, 12@14.

FISH—We quote large shore @5 00@5 50; large bank @4 75@5 25; small @3 25@4 25; pollock @3 00@4 00; hake @2 75@3 00 @ qtl; herring @4 00@4 50 @ bbl; scaled, @ box, 30@35c; mackerel @ bbl—Bay No. 3 to No. 1, @7 00@11 00. Shore Nos. 1 and 2, @7 00@11 00.

FLOUR—We quote Superfine, @4 75@5 00; Spring X and XX, @6 00@7 00; Michigan Winter X and XX, @6 75@7 50; Illinois X and XX, @6 50@8 50; St. Louis X and XX, @6 75@9 00.

GRAIN—We quote mixed Corn at 90@90 and yellow 92@92. Oats are worth 75@77c, fine feed at @35 @ ton, and shorts at @27@30 @ ton.

HAY—Loose, @16 00@14 00 @ ton for prime. Pressed selling at @15 00@17 00. Baled Straw @10@12 @ ton for primed.

LARD—@ Tierce, 15@15½c @ lb; per keg 15@15½c; pail 16@16c.

PLASTER—White, @ ton, @3 00; blue @2 75; ground in bbls @3 00@3 00; calcined in bbls @2 75@3 00.

PRODUCE—We quote beef side at 9@13c; veal 8@10c; mutton 12@13c; chickens 13@18c; turkeys 18@20c; eggs 17@19c; potatoes 50@55c @ bush; onions @1 87@2 00 @ crate. Round hogs, 8@9.

PROVISIONS—We quote as follows: Mess beef, Chicago, @12 00@13 50; plate @15 00; extra plate @16 50@; pork backs, @26 50@27 00; clear, @25 50@26 00; mess @22 00@22 50. Hams 13@15c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 30.

BEANS—Yellow eyes @2 50@2 75@ bush; Pea Beans @2 00@2 00.

BUTTER—Is worth from 20@22c @ lb, according to quality.

EGGS—Selling at 17@18c @ dozen.

HAY—Best qualities loose sell at @12 00@14 00 @ ton Pressed @13@15.00.

GRAIN—Oats are now worth 73@75c @ bush; corn @92@1 00@ bush.

POTATOES—Selling in the market at 75@80c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Good fresh beef, by the side worth 9@12c @ lb; round hogs 09@12c; mutton 9@11c.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides 6@6c @ lb. Veal skins 10c @ lb.

WOOL—Selling dull at 35@40 per lb.

☞ The Waldoboro *News* last week recorded the death of a venerable German citizen of Waldoboro' Dea. Jacob Shuman, at the advanced age of ninety years. His early education was entirely in the German language, and he was able to read the German bible as readily as English. Sixty years ago he became a member of the Baptist Church in Nobleboro, there being no Baptist Society in Waldoboro at that time. Nine years afterwards he, with ten others, organized the First Baptist Church in that town, and of the original eleven he was the last survivor. He has always been an earnest supporter of his church, and a fervent advocate of its doctrine, as well as the general truths of Christianity.

☞ United States treasurer New, has just assumed the duties of his office and has quite a little job upon his hands. A Washington special states that he arrived there Friday night, and will at once begin the preliminary work of counting all the funds or securities in the hands of General Spinner. The count will be thorough and extend to actual inspection and handling of every separate note, bond or other representative value at present in possession of the Treasurer.

☞ Last Sunday evening the train from Boston for Fall River on the Old Colony line ran over a wagon at a crossing in Bowenville, Fall River, killing Robert and Thomas Hines, Mrs. Hines, her child and John Graham. The driver, Henry Fraely, was pulled away by the horse and escaped. Inquest on Monday. It is a bad crossing, with no flagman, and the train cannot be seen till close by.

☞ At the Universalist State Convention holden at Belfast last week, the following resolutions upon the subject of capital punishment were passed:

Resolved, That in the sense of this convention the penalty of death is so unchristian, that it partakes of the spirit of a dark age, is hardening and demoralizing in its influence; that it possesses no greater restraining power on criminals than life long imprisonment at hard labor, and is, therefore no greater safeguard to society, and should be abolished.

Resolved, That in view of the prevalence of crime in the community, resulting largely as is believed from an insufficient execution of laws, we are most strongly impressed with the great necessity of policies and measures which shall tend to quicken the public mind and conscience as to the importance of sure and prompt punishment, and knowing the difficulty of procuring convictions in cases where the penalty is death, we are more and more confirmed in the opinion that in the interest of morality and repression of crime all laws that provide for the infliction of capital punishment are unwise and should be removed from the statute book.

Resolved, That we are much saddened by the thought that during the present week in obedience to the mandates of the law two fellow men are to be put to death in the prison yard at Thomaston, and that as followers of the Great Master, so far as it is possible as citizens of the State, we wash our hands of all participation in the barbarous deed.

☞ A severe flood recently occurred in some of the districts of France and a dispatch says the loss of life at Toulouse was appalling. In the St. Cyprien quarter 215 bodies have already been found. The violence of the torrent prostrated the efforts to rescue the unfortunate inmates of the houses. Several men were drowned in the attempt. Twenty thousand persons were deprived of means of subsistence in Toulouse alone. The disasters elsewhere are almost of equal magnitude. The lower part of the city of Morsac, on the Tam, is hidden under water. At Tremoulette, in the department of Auege, five houses only remain standing of 400. In the district of Faix, in the same department, two villages are completly submerged and many bodies have been found. Crops of all kinds throughout the immediate districts have been destroyed. The troops and authorities are doing everything in their power to save life and property. Rain has ceased, but it is feared that the melting of mountain snows will raise the water of the Adour still higher.

DIGEST OF FOREIGN NEWS. A dispatch from Buda, Pesth says a furious thunder storm passed over that region last week, and hail fell to the depth of two inches. There was a fearful loss of life, the number of killed being variously estimated from one to five hundred.—In the international rifle match which came off at Dublin Tuesday the American team was victorious. The first match at 800 yards was won by the Irish by one score, but in the second at 900 and third at 1000 the Americans won, in the last match by 4 points. The Irish admitted the superiority of the Americans and acknowledged that the victory was fairly won.—The Spanish fleet has bombarded the Carlist ports of Berne and Maduca.—The French Chamber of Deputies is to be renewed every four years.—A large assembly was present at Quebec Friday at the formal opening of the first section of the Lewis and Kennebec railway. When completed it will shorten the route from Quebec to Portland.

☞ The hearing in the Beecher trial closed last Thursday and the case was given to the jury who retired at one o'clock. The charge of Judge Neilson which occupied two hours was considered able and impartial. Three court officers were sworn to keep the jury in a private place without meat or drink, except water; but in the meantime the Judge had ordered a dinner for them and it arrived at 2 o'clock. The jury are in a small room lighted by two windows, the only furniture being an old deal table and some chairs. About a dozen police and court officers are seated outside.

Some days ago, according to all appearances, the jury gave up discussing a verdict and have amused themselves by smoking, eating, playing games, and getting up walking matches. Hundreds of rumors have been afloat as to the status of the jury, but most of them are valueless. No verdict had been agreed upon Wednesday night.

☞ We regret to learn that the *Aldine* establishment in New York was destroyed by fire Thursday evening. The loss is estimated at one hundred thousand dollars; partly insured. The establishment occupied a large building on Liberty street, running through the entire block to Maiden lane.

The presses, machinery and plates burned were among the finest in the city and probably in the country. The July edition of the *Aldine* paper was partly printed and the edition was consumed by the flames.

It is thought that the fire originated from a gas burner in the third story. This fire is a serious blow to the *Aldine* Company, as much material in the shape of plates, engravings, &c., destroyed cannot easily be replaced.

It is not probable that the July number will be issued at all and it may be that the suspension will be permanent. We have enjoyed this interesting periodical and shall miss it from our table.

FIRE IN BANGOR. A fire broke out in Bangor at 10.30 Sunday night, in the second floor of the grocery store of Blethen & Cass, No. 9 Pickering square. The flames rapidly spread to the adjoining stores and were under such headway when discovered, that despite the exertions of the entire fire department the whole building was destroyed. The building was of wood, two stories in height, owned by John Foster and Isaac M. Bragg. It contained four stores, a restaurant and shoemaker's shop. The insurance was as follows: On building $3000; on the stock of Blethen & Cass, grocers, $1000; S. A. Thurlough, groceries, $2500; Geo. I. Wescot, groceries, $4000; O. D. Holt & Son, groceries, $3000. From the stores of the two last named there was considerable salvage. The insurance covered from half to two-thirds of the total loss, which is about $25,000. Cause of fire unknown.

☞ James Costely convicted of the murder of Julia Hawkes, was hanged in the jail at Dedham, Mass., on Friday. The murderer bore himself with much coolness, ate a hearty breakfast as usual, having slept soundly during the night. At 9 o'clock Rev. Wm. H. Brooks, Episcopalian, held a private religious service with the doomed man, who at 9:40 took his stand upon the drop. He made no statement, merely shaking hands with his executioners. Thursday he was busily engaged in writing letters. The history of his crime is familiar.

POSTAL. From July first the charges for post office money orders, will be as follows: Orders not exceeding $15 ten cents, exceeding $30 fifteen cents, $40 twenty cents, $50 twenty-five cents. The Postmaster General has raised the fee for registered letters from eight to ten cents, giving as a reason that the expenses of registration exceeded the receipts for performing that service; the registration fee is in addition to the regular postage, and must be prepaid in stamps, and is uniform upon foreign and domestic letters.

CONSOLIDATION. It is reported that authority has been asked of the New Hampshire legislature for the consolidation of the Eastern and Portland, Saco and Portsmouth railroads, and that a similar request will be made of he next legislature of Maine. The movement comes from the managers of the Eastern road.

POWER OF SPEAKING RESTORED. Newash, Ontario, D. C., March 3,0 1870. Jonas Fotheringill, writes:—Some two months ago my son lost his voice. None of the physicians could do him any good. Two hours after taking the second dose of Fellows' Hypophosphites his power of speaking was perfectly restored.

Let the People Speak.

Manhattan, Kan.

R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.,

Dear Sir—Your Favorite Prescription has done my wife a world of good. She has taken nearly two bottles and has felt better the past two weeks than at any time in the past two years. No more periodical pains; none of that aching back or dragging sensation in her stomach she has been accustomed to for several years. I have so much confidence in it that I would be perfectly willing to warrant to certain customers of ours who would be glad to get hold of relief at any expense. I have tried many Patent Medicines, but never had any occasion to extol one before. Very truly yours,

GEO. B. WHITING.

Mrs. E. R. Daly, Metropolis, Ill., writes:

Dr. Pierce—My sister is using the Favorite Prescription with great benefit."

Mary Ann Frisbie, Lebanon, Pa., writes:

Dr. Pierce—What I have taken of your medicine has been of more benefit to me than all others and hundreds of doctors' bills.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sold by dealers in medicines generally.

Special Notices.

Confessions of a Victim!

Published as a warning and for the benefit of Young Men and others who suffer from Nervous Debility, Loss of Manhood, etc., giving his rules of Self-Cure, after undergoing much suffering and expense, and mailed free on receiving a post-paid directed envelope. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, P. O. Box 153, Brooklyn, N. Y. 6m31

Exhibitors State Fair.

A Printed Catalogue will be ready for distribution on the morning of the Fair, containing all the entries made up to 8 o'clock, Th, at which time entries for all animals, except trotters, will positively close. In the Catalogue will be given entry, exhibitor, stall, Lot or place occupied. Exhibitors of machines and implements, are requested to make their entries in season for the printed Catalogue.

SAMUEL WASSON, Sec'y.

East Surry, June 12, 1875. 3129

PURE MEDICINES.—The public are hereby cautioned against impure medicines, as every artifice is being used to force imitations upon the sick. Dealers in medicines especially, are warned against selling an imitation of "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, put up in the same style of bottle. The true article bears the signature of "L. F." Atwood, as well as the trade mark L. F. in Red Ink, large letters.

N. B.—Parties aiding the sale of the imitation are liable to immediate arrest. 21tf

So thoroughly does *Hunt's Remedy* brace up and strengthen the constitution that kidney, bladder, glandular and Bright's disease are promptly dispelled from the system and health surely ensues. Sufferers from gravel, stone or calculus in the bladder, brick-dust deposits, incontinuence of urine, affections of the prostrate gland, diabetes and all maladies of the urino-genital organs are speedily cured by this medicine. It grants new life to a worn out constitution.

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without. 1y30

Married.

In Augusta, June 22, Geo. Jones of Thomaston, to Mary E. Stevens of Unity.

In Auburn, June 22, Rev. B. M. Edwards of Brunswick, to Susan Tinkham.

In Abbot Village, June 24, Chas. A. Weeks to Martha J. Cousins, of Kingsbury.

In Aurora, June 6, Steven J. Bracey of Cherryfield, to Carrie A. Williams of No. 33.

In Brunswick, June 21, Robert A. Dunning to Lucy A. Given; June 22, Frederick A. Dibber to Frances J. Welch; June 23, Albert Woodside, M. D., of St. George, to Alice S. Hunt.

In Bath, June 22, Capt. Chas. H. Morse to Jennie R. Larrabee.

In Belfast, June 17, Wm. A. McLean to Julia A. Rowe.

In Biddeford, June 8, Herbert L. Currier to Ida F. McKeen; June 12, John M. C. Bachelder to Mary E. Clark.

In Boston, June 22, C. Frank Swan, formerly of Camden, to Ella S. Fitch.

In East Corinth, June 20, Alvin Haynes to Lizzie Vickery, both of Exeter.

In Ellsworth, June 16, Levi C. Beckwith to Nancy E. Stevens.

In Eastport, June 10, Daniel H. Barrett to Lizzie E. Boyd.

In Fremont, N. H., June 13, John S. Moulton to Annie M. Shapleigh, both of Eliot.

In Gouldsboro', Thomas Leighton to Eliza J. Bunker.

In Hallowell, June 29, Mr. Benjamin H. Davenport to Mrs. Mary M. Laflin.

In Kennebunk, June 26, Chas. E. Adjutant to Annie L. Morey.

In Litchfield, June 13, Albert C. True to M. Viola Card of Gouldsboro.

In Lewiston, June 22, Lorenzo W. Daly to Ella F. Lewis.

In Livermore Falls, June 21, Dana W. Goding of Peru, to Ettene E. Virgin of Mt. Vernon.

In Lovell, June 16, Eben N. Fox to Mary I. Brown.

In Lisbon Falls, June 26, James A Dunham to Lena A. Smith.

In Mechanic Falls, June 26, Alphonzo T. Baker to Ari A. Warren.

In Monmouth, June 27, Charles F. Cooley of St. Albans, to Carrie E. Holbrook of Newport.

In New Gloucester, June 21, Asa Verrill to Luella A. Morey.

In No. 18, Andrew Kelley of Ellsworth, to Mrs. Cynthia Stickney.

In Portland, June 22, Eugene R. Kennard to Ella Royal; June 23, George A. Bisbee to Charlotte Allison; Joseph L. Whitmore of Lancaster, N. H., to Rosa L. Foster; Robert W. Jackson to Mary J. Hayes; June 24, A. B. Arnold of Chelsea, Mass., to Nellie R. Dennis; Henry F. Whittier of Lowell, Mass. to Abbie M. French.

In Palmyra, June 22, Phillip K. Taylor to Elvira C. McCausland.

In Poland, June 3, Albert W. Neal to Ida E. Bailey.

In Rockland, June 16, Theodore Rooson to Emma Gurney.

In Saco, June 6, John G. Oliver to Mrs. Mary R. Sawyer.

In Sebec, June 16, Daniel Gardiner to Rebecca L. Stanchfield of Milo.

In Somerville, May 30, Stephen McGown to Fannie McDaniel.

In Surry, June 23, Thomas C. Williams to Carrie C. Parker.

In Union, June 12, Charles E. Stevens to Caro A. Thompson.

In Unity, June 22, Willis C. Emery to Nellie F. Nye, both of Fairfield.

In West Waterville, June 21, Geo. F. Shaw to Almeda Wyman.

In Whitefield, June 11. A. V. Ames to Mrs. Sarah E. Taylor, both of Jefferson.

In Winterport, June 19, Fred M. Snow to Alice M. Danielson.

In Waldoboro', June 1, Harlan Keizer to Emma F. Russel.

In Waterford, June 13, John A. Drew to Frances M. Knight.

In West Poland, June 9, Addison Shaw to Rebecca M. Gray, both of Casco.

At White Rock, Gorham, June 6, James H. Flood to Lucy M. Watts, both of Buxton.

Died.

In Augusta, June 15, Mrs. Dennis Hare of South Thomaston, aged 35 years; June 22, L ouise M., wife of George M. Bean, aged 34½ years.

In Athens, June 21, J. L. Drew.

In Appleton, June 15, Mary Vesta Pease, aged 28 years.

In Arrowsic, June 13, Clara M., daughter of Levi Swett, aged 21½ years.

In Brunswick, June 18, Pyam Prince, aged 70 years.

In Bath, June 16, Albertine P., daughter of Levi R. Oliver, aged 13½ years.

In Biddeford, June 20, Annie M. Haley, aged 18½ years; Annie L., only daughter of B. A. Potter, aged nearly 8 months.

In Bangor, June 22, Edward Wiggin, aged 75½ years.

In Belfast, June 19, James Durham, aged 90 years.

In Bluehill, June 18, Grinaldo McIntire, aged 18 years.

At Basin Mills, June 27, James Damery, aged 56 years.

In Boston, June 16, Willard W. Staples, aged 61½ years; June 24, Harry C. Jourdan of Ellsworth, aged 43 years.

In Camden, June 14, Freddie W. Barker, aged 5 years; June 20, Edwin E. Hanson, aged 12 years.

In Cranberry Isles, June 13, Alvan Bulger, aged 18 years.

In Dover, June 18, Capt. Nimrod Hinds, formerly of Bloomfield, aged 80 years.

In East Exeter, June 22, Mary L., daughter of H. C. Dunnell, aged 25 years.

In Ellsworth, June 19, Mrs. Sarah Morgan, aged 73 years; June 21, Alice B. Remick, aged 20½ years; June 18, Caroline, wife of Isaiah Harriman, aged 33 years.

In Eden, June 9, Nancy Havens, aged 51 years.

In Eastport, June 12, Sally Pike, aged 68 years.

In Farmington, June 16, Hattie M., daughter of George Walker, aged 9½ years.

In Farmington, June 24, Annah S., wife of Rev. John Allen, aged 80½ years.

In Gardiner, June 13, Sarah A. Sawyer, aged 36 years.

In Hampden, May 26, Capt. James Cole, aged 72 years.

In Hartland, June 19, Addie, wife of Chas. Mercy of Boston.

In Highland, June 26, Dea. Geo. B. Graves, aged 72 years.

In Houlton, June 13, Eliza, widow of the late Leod Pierce, esq., aged 70 years.

In Lincolnville, June 14, Mary Field, aged 89 yrs.

In Mt. Vernon, June 23, William H., son of W. H. Carr, aged 17 years; June 24, Eliza A., wife of W. H. Carr, aged 40 years.

In Machias, June 19, Mrs. Sophronia Henry.

In North Vassalboro', June 26, Willie Conroy, aged 15 years.

In North Leeds, June 22, Elijah Gott, aged 79 yrs.

In New Gloucester, June 28, Elizabeth Woodbury, aged 73 years.

In Norway, June 4, Mrs. Lois A. Dunham, aged 38 years; June 14, Silas Merrian, aged 75½ years.

In New Portland, June 24, Mrs. Cynthia W. Dyer, aged 55½ years.

In North Bluehill, June 15, Mrs. Fannie Treworgy, aged 33 years.

In Oxford, June 15, Ansel Washburn, aged 51 yrs.

In Oroville, Cal., May 22, Paul J. Rollins, formerly of Pittston, aged 40 years.

In Portland, June 15, Lizzie G., only child of Mrs. Susan L. Hoag of Waterville, aged 18 years; June 25, Mrs Hannah C. Kimball, aged 57 years; June 28, Kate C., wife of O. B. Gibbs, aged 31 years; June 28, John Keebles, aged 73 years.

In Parsonfield, June 20, Josie, wife of Eben J. Seavey, formerly of Lewiston, aged 27 years; Mrs. Hannah Ailey, aged 88 years; June 21, Oliver C. Doe, aged about 60 years.

In Presque Isle, June 22, Marion, wife of Hiram R. Forbes.

In Rockland, June 12, Eliphalet Clark, aged 89½ yrs; June 21, Berta P., son of Wm. O. Steele, aged 3½ years.

In Rumford, Wm. W. Farnum, aged 70 years.

In Sidney, June 18, Mrs. Rachel P. Eaton, aged 82 years.

In Skowhegan, June 23, Dea. Daniel Hobart, aged 79 years.

In Saco, June 30, Mary Etta, child of Obed Sawyer, aged 8 years; June 28, Mary O. Hamblin, aged 13½ years.

In South Thomaston, June 17, Wm. Norton, aged 31½ years.

In St. George, June 10, Leslie, aged 12 years; June 17, Lizzie Ann, aged 10 years, children of Capt. Cornelius Gilcreest.; June 13, Mrs. Edna A. Carleton, aged 41 years.

In Southport, May 30, Thomas Cooler, aged 75 yrs; April 25, Jeremiah Nelson, aged 73 years.

In Scarsmont, June 16, Leroy G., son of E. S. Cushman, aged 30½ years.

In Steuben, June 6, Maud A., daughter of J. B. Leighton, aged 2 years.

In Santa Barbara, Cal., June 23, Dr. A. K. P. Bradbury, formerly of Maine, aged 59 years.

In Topsham, June 21, Isabella Rogers, aged 82 yrs; Charles D. Harrington, aged 34½ years.

In Tremont, June 15, Miranda E. Ober, aged 15 years.

In Trenton, June 16, Howard B. Haynes, aged 30½ years.

In Union, June 17, Mrs. Harriet B. Harding, aged 84 years.

In Vinalhaven, June 17, Luretta, wife of Capt. H. E. Dreed, aged 36½ years.

In West Waterville, June 18, Sarah A. Messer, aged 19 years.

In West Bath, June 22, Capt. Jesse Holbrook, aged 81½ years.

In Waldoboro', June 14, Hudson J. Benner, aged 26½ years.

NEW MUSIC BOOKS!

The Chorus Choir,

By Dr. EBEN TOURJEE.

A new book of sterling merit, for the use of Musical Societies, Conventions and "Chorus Choirs," which are now becoming quite common. 200 pages, and about 100 pieces.

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A beautiful fragment, which, however, is complete in itself.

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Curtis and Behr's New Method for the Zither. $1.50.

The Zither is an instrument like a guitar, but much more powerful, and well worth learning,

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Oliver Ditson & Co., Chas. H. Ditson & Co., Boston. 711 B'dway, N. Y.

Notice.—Lightning.

SEE "Caution" in this Paper. To the companies which were influenced to subscribe therewith, (perhaps because we offer insurance in older and other first-class American and English companies, lower than they will write) and to the public, we simply say we pay a Broker's License to place insurance with any company doing business in this state, and either hold for, or were invited by authorized agents of every company named in our circular, to give them business.

Our friends and the public are informed that we will continue to give them desirable insurance and on satisfactory terms, or will promptly inform them if we cannot, but think we can in all cases where fair insurance is asked, and renumerative rates are offered.

"Damage by Lightning," even where fire does not follow, covered without extra charge.—One Company paid such damage, in one year, on 145 buildings. G. & G. L. TABER, Ins. Agents & Vassalboro', June 24, 1875. 31tf Brokers.

"POTATOES."

"500" Bushels wanted, cheap for CASH, in lots of 50 bushels and upwards.

Address, stating price per bushel.

FRANK MOFFETT, 175 Emerald St., Boston, Mass. 3t31*

CHINA ACADEMY —AND— Commercial Institute.

Fall Term Commences August 16, 1875.

Book Keeping and Navigation specialties. Scholars received at any time. Send for circulars to KILGORE BROS., Proprietors, 6t32 China, Maine.

The Walker Horse Rake.

Received a Silver Medal at State Fair, 1874.

A Rake that is Not A Harrow.

Has wooden teeth with spring joint. Has an easy seat, rides easily, springs easily, is simple and durable, and raises very rough hay. Will rake scatteringly and very light grass perfectly clean. A few only of these highly approved rakes are offered by the Subscribers. Send for circulars to

BENJAMIN & ALLEN, 2t31 West Waterville, Me.

Agents Wanted.

WE are in want of a few first-class Salesmen to sell Nursery Stock in various parts of the country. We want men of good character, habits and business capacity, who can furnish undoubted references. To such we give constant employment, with a very good salary. CHASE BROS., Nurserymen and Seedsmen, 3t31 Augusta, Maine.

FULLER'S Essence of Jamaica Ginger!

Equal to any in the market, and as cheap. For sale at FULLER'S DRUG STORE. 31tf

WANTED AGENTS—Every where for the **Centennial History**—600 pages, 240 engravings, selling well. Address H. O. HOUGHTON & Co., 1 Somerset St., Boston, Mass. 413t

The Meadow King Mower!

IS composed mainly of Iron and Steel, combining lightness with strength. Its gearing consists of but THREE PIECES in the centre of the machine, securely covered. The drive wheels have no gearing to catch grass and dirt; it contains but two thirds as many parts as ordinary mowers, thus reducing the danger of breakage, and of getting out of repair. A novel and superior feature of the Meadow King Mower, consists in removing the joint from the heel of the knife to the crank shaft, thus keeping pitman and knife always in line, enabling the knife to play freely in any position, perpendicular as well as horizontal, and reducing the friction materially, and obviating all danger of breaking the knife or wearing out the connections; this makes the Meadow King the only perfectly flexible finger-bar Mower in use. The draft arrangement is also peculiar to this Mower, making it a perfect center draft machine, and relieving the weight from the horses' necks when it is in use, whether the driver is in the seat or not. It has malleable guards with shear steel cutting plates. In conclusion, it is simple in construction, not liable to get out of order, easily managed, has a good motion and can not be clogged in the heaviest grass; and finally, is warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

This is a home and unconquered Mower, the continual use for eight years, has given the manufacturers ample opportunity to regulate all imperfections, incidental to a new Mower. The Meadow King is the work of the Mower is fully established at Winterport. Me., where all parts of the Mower can be found and if needed be a Mower built in a few hours, making it virtually a

MAINE BUILT MOWER.

Call on Agents or address for full information, descriptive catalogues and recommendations

Fred Atwood, Manager Branch Office, Winterport, Maine.

AGENTS—C. W. Safford & Son, Augusta; R. P. Call & Son, Bowdoinham; Dorman & Reed, Auburn; R. G. Harding, Gorham; G. A. Greene, Freeport. 3w35

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Through Passenger Trains Connect With all Day Trains on Maine Central at the Transfer Station in Portland.

All Through Tickets Good on Boston & Maine.

Baggage checked through to and from all station on the Maine Central.

Finest passenger trains running east of Boston, all equipped with Miller platform and patent vacuum brake. Magnificent Parlor cars on through trains.

Passengers on morning train on Maine Central connect through to all points named above, arriving in Lowell 1.0 P. M., and Boston 1.15 P. M.

Passengers on midday train connect as above, arriving in Lowell 6.45 P. M., and Boston 7.00 P. M.

Passengers on afternoon train (3,00 P. M. from Augusta) arrive in Boston 10.00 P. M.

Have Baggage Checked via B, & M. R. R.

All FREIGHT forwarded without transfer at same rates and in same time as by any other line.

J. T. FURBER, Gen'l Sup't, Boston.

L. L. LINCOLN, Gen'l Agent, Augusta, Me. 30tf

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, John M. Mills on the twelfth day of October, A. D. 1872, by his deed of mortgage, of that date, duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Kennebec County, Book 287, Page 166, conveyed to one Joseph P. Merchant, a certain lot of land and buildings thereon, situate in Belgrade in said county of Kennebec, and bounded on the West by land then owned by Ephraim Wyman and Enoch Swift, on the East by the Maine Central Railroad and Snow Pond (so called) on the South by land then owned by Amos Rollins, Alden C. Taylor and said Enoch Swift, and on the North by land conveyed to William T. Richardson by said Ephraim Wyman, containing about ninety-two acres more or less, excepting and reserving the four square rods conveyed by George Swift to E. Wyman and all land owned by the Maine Central Railroad Company. Which same deed of mortgage has been duly assigned to me by an assignment thereof dated October 18, A. D. 1872, recorded in said Registry of Deeds Book 286, page 184. And, whereas, the condition of said mortgage have been broken, I therefore claim to foreclose said mortgage by reason of breach of the conditions thereof.

ASAHEL H. MERCHANT.

By S. and L. Titcomb, his att'ys.

Augusta, June 16, '75. 2t30

Valuable Mill Property WILL BE SOLD At Auction, July 7th, 1875, At 1 o'clock P. M.

On the premises the sash and blind factory situated on Monmouth Centre, with all the machinery for carrying on the business including dry and lumber house. The water power is excellent, dam of stone, laid in cement and in nearly new. Building 30x50 ft and two stories high, in good condition. Said property is situated ¼ mile from Depot, and in good business locality. H. D. JEWETT.

Monmouth, June 22, 1875. 2t30

CAUTION.

MESSRS. G. & G. L. Taber, Ins. Agents of Vassalboro', Me., have issued circulars offering to insure property with the undersigned Insurance Companies, and we caution the public against dealing with those parties in that connection, as the use of our names is totally unauthorized.

Home Insurance Co., per J. H. Washburn, Sec'y.
Hartford Fire Insurance Co., per J. D. Browne, Sec'y.
Phenix Insurance Co., per D. W. C. Skelton, Sec'y.
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New York, June, 1875. 30tf

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I offer only one extract from many testimonials: S. W. Carr, of Vienna, Me., says "My sympathies were with the Buckeye, having used that a number of seasons; but I must say that I never knew what it was to have myself and horses comfortable in mowing until I used the Eagle," &c., &c. (See pamphlet page 15.) Similar, comparative remarks came in from experienced critics. You will do well to know by experience why this is so.

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Poetry.

The Two Travelers.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

'Twas evening, and before my eyes
There lay a landscape gray and dim;
Fields faintly seen and twilight stars
And clouds that hid the horizon's brim.

I saw—or was it that I dreamed?—
A waking dream?—I cannot say;
For every shape as real seemed
As those that met my eye to-day.

Through leafless shrubs the cold wind hissed!
The air was thick with falling snow;
And onward through the frozen mist,
I saw a weary traveler go.

Driven o'er that landscape bare and bleak,
Before the whirling gusts of air,
The snow-flakes smote his withered cheek,
And gathered on his silver hair.

Yet on he fared through blinding snows,
And murmuring to himself he said:
"The night is near, the darkness grows,
And higher rise the drifts I tread."

Deep, deep each autumn flower they hide;
Each tuft of green they wheim from sight;
And they who journey by my side
Are lost in the surrounding night.

"I loved them; oh, no words can tell
The love that to my friends I bore;
We parted with the sad farewell
Of those who part to meet no more.

"And I who face this bitter wind,
And o'er these scenes of ruin sweep,
Must end my journey soon and find
A frosty couch, a frozen sleep."

As thus he spoke, a thrill of pain
Shot to my heart; I closed my eyes,
And when I opened them again
I started with a glad surprise.

'Twas evening still, and in the west,
A flush of glowing crimson lay.
I saw the morrow there, and blest
The promise of a glorious day.

The waters, in their glassy sleep,
Shone with the hues that tinged the sky,
And rugged cliff and barren steep
Gleamed with a brightness from on high.

And one was there whose journey lay
Into the slowly gathering night;
With steady step he held his way
O'er shadowy vale and gleaming hight,

I marked his firm though weary tread,
The lifted eye and brow serene,
And saw no shade of doubt or dread
Pass o'er that traveler's placid mien.

And others came, their journey o'er,
And bade good night with words of cheer;
"To-morrow, we shall meet once more!"
'Tis but the night that parts us here."

"And I," he said, "shall sleep e're long—
Those fading gleams will soon be gone—
Shall sleep, to rise, refreshed and strong,
In the bright day that yet will dawn."

I heard; I watched him as he went,
A lessening form, until the light
Of evening from the firmament
Had passed, and he was lost to sight.

Our Story Teller.

MY LEGACY.

BY NELLIE CARTER.

Our little town of Gossipton was in a state of unusual commotion. Knots of people were standing at various corners, evidently discussing a subject of vast importance.—The fact was this: The eccentric and somewhat miserly Jacob Braidwood, whose wealth was supposed to be fabulous, had died a few days ago, and this was the day of his funeral.

"Well, what then? That, surely, is nothing extraordinary."

Ah! but after the funeral the will was to be opened and read, and public curiosity was excited to its highest pitch. A hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, half a million, each and all these sums were positively reported to have been left, and the fortunate legatees as positively named, but in truth nothing really could be learned till after the funeral, which my little sister and I now watched passing the windows. Then we equipped ourselves for our afternoon walk, and set out, passing on our route several groups of people, and also several houses, the closed windows and carefully drawn-down blinds of which looked the personification of decorous woe. These houses belonged to various distant relatives of the deceased, who evidently expected a good share of the fabulous fortune.

Letty and I walked on, wishing that we, too, could look for a legacy; but as that was out of the question, we dismissed the subject, and enjoyed our walk. Returning home, we chose a road which would save our passing through so many streets; consequently we saw few people, but, just as we had almost reached our home, we met Mr. Brown, the rich corn merchant, whose wife was a third cousin of Jacob Braidwood's and to whom rumor had assigned a large legacy. As usual, we bowed politely, but in return received only a distant nod, and a scowl directed to me, which quite frightened me.

"How cross Mr. Brown looked at you, Nelly," said Letty. "What can be the matter with him? Oh! 'tis the will, Nelly," she suddenly added.

"But this needn't make him scowl at me in that way," said I, still indignant at the scowl.

On entering our own parlor we found my mother and father in close conversation, which they suddenly broke off on our entrance, looking at each other and then at us in rather an embarrassed manner. Then my father said, apparently with an effort:

"Nelly, I have news for you."

"News for me, papa? I hope it is good news," said I. "Nothing is wrong surely?"

"No dear; nothing wrong," he replied.—"It is this: Mr. Braidwood has left you a legacy."

"Left me a legacy, paper? me?" I exclaimed. "Why, I never spoke to him. It must be a mistake. Surely, you are joking, papa."

"Well, my child, it seems correct enough," said my father. "But I fear you will be a little hurt at the terms it is bequeathed in.—Mr. Reynold who was old Jacob's lawyer, showed me the will, and I have copied the part concerning your legacy. Shall I read it to you, or will you read it yourself?"

"Read it, please, papa," said I. "But how can I be hurt? He can't say anything very bad of me, can he?"

"My dear Nelly," said my mother, "there is nothing to hurt you much. Mr. Braidwood had not very refined feelings, and was very plain spoken: but you are sensible, Nelly, and won't mind."

After all this preamble, I felt quite nervous.

"Well, Nell," said my father, "here it is; we won't keep you any longer in suspense."

My father then read as fellows:

"I give and bequeath to Ellen Warner the sum of five thousand pounds, because she is the daughter of an honest man, and because she is so ugly that she will never get a husband; and, furthermore, for the sake of this five thousand pounds, I stipulate that if the said Ellen Warner marries any one with an income of less than one thousand pounds a year, the said five thousand pounds are to be restored to my heirs."

What woman could confess that such words did not give her a pang? I always had known that I was plain; but to hear it thus broadly stated, without any softening, was a shock. However I soon recovered from it, and said, gaily:

"Mamma, I am very much obliged to Mr. Braidwood; I always knew that I was ugly, and always wished for some money. And O, papa, is it really mine? and can I do what I like with it?" the reality of my wealth now striking me very forcibly.

"Of course, Nell you cannot touch the principal just now," he replied; "but the interest is yours, and you can soon begin to enjoy it. Mr. Braidwood has been very thoughtful; he has left you the five thousand free of legacy duty, and has directed that his shares in the Great Banking Company, which are of the value of five thousand pounds, be transferred to you; so that you will have no trouble in investing your money. The bank is paying six and a half per cent. just now."

"Then there will really be more than three hundred pounds a year, papa," said I, "and can I spend it. O, how nice! Then, mamma, we will get a pony carriage for you; you know the doctor said it would make you quite strong if you could drive every day; and Letty shall go to school; and we will get a new drawing room carpet; and you and I, mamma, will have new silk dresses, and mine shall be bright blue."

Fifty other bright visions floated through my excited brains when my father, kissing me, said:

"Well, Nell, I congratulate you on your legacy; but, with all these schemes, you will soon spend it. We will think it over dear, when you have had time to think about it." And so saying, he left the room.

"O, mamma," I said, "I am glad now.—I think it was kind of Mr. Braidwood to leave me the money because he thought I would not get married; for you know, mamma, it is true I am plain."

"You have the best and kindest face in the world to me, dear," said my mother; "and you have been my greatest comfort in all our years of poverty; and, though Mr. Braidwood's words about you are hardly polite, I think with you that he was very kind in leaving you the money. He knew your father's embarrassments, and that there could not be much provision for you. I know, dear, it has always weighed heavily on your father's mind that, in his peculiar circumstances, there could be so little provision made for you and Letty, and this money will relieve him of that anxiety; that is to say, Nelly," she continued, smiling, "if you are not too proud to take the money that has been left you—"

"Because I am ugly, mamma?" said I "O, no, I am not too proud; and, besides, think of all that the money will do. I always wished for some, but certainly did not expect it. But tell me all about the will, mamma, and who gets the rest of the money, and how much there is."

"It seems, Nelly, that Mr. Braidwood has left about one hundred and thirty thousand pounds," she replied. Of this, thirty thousand is left in legacies of various amounts, yours included; the rest of the money is left to a nephew hitherto unheard of, who is in Canada, and who thus succeeds to a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds. As this nephew was never heard of here before (he is supposed to be the son of a sister of Mr. Braidwood's, who ran away from home about thirty years ago,) his coming in for so large a share of the fortune of course disturbs the many calculations made, and the will altogether has taken every one by surprise."

"I am sure it has surprised us not a little, mamma," said I. "What does Mr. Brown get?"

"A hundred pounds to buy a mourning ring," was the reply.

"That accounts for his scowl at me this afternoon," said I, and related our wonder at Mr. Brown's cross looks. "Well, mamma," I continued, "it is very strange to think of having a fortune, and to think that instead of the beauty that generally brings other girls their good fortune, it should have been my want of it that brought me mine. I don't think that I shall grumble any more at my unclassical nose and mouth."

When left alone, I pondered with mixed feeling on my legacy. It was certainly rather humiltating to have it thus put before me—that I was too ugly to get married; for I was obliged to confess to myself that, in spite of my having reached the mature age of twenty-four unwooed, and of my plain face, I had always had a lingering hope that some one might love me, even without beauty, for the sake of the loving heart I could give in return. However I consoled myself with the reflection that Letty and I were now provided for, and that my dear father's mind would thus be set at rest. I also thought of the many comforts three hundred a year, added to our income, would procure: and then I began to feel rather proud than otherwise of my ugliness. If papa's eldest daughter had been a beauty, thought I, this fortune would not have been left to her; she would likely have been married, to be sure; but then she wouldn't have been at home to nurse her mamma, and take care of papa, as she will now be.

There was always some compensation for every adverse thing in the world, thought I, continuing my philosophic meditations: and though people will be sure to talk about my legacy, and I may hear some ill-natured comments, it is a substantial good, and I don't intend to mind what they say.

Time passed on; I had got accustomed to the idea of my wealth, and the nine-days' wonder caused by Jacob Braidwood's will, my legacy, and the unknown nephew, was in a measure exhausted. Of course I had to bear a good many satirical remarks on my legacy and its conditions; but I had expected that, and was prepared for it; though, after all, it was not very pleasant to be accosted thus by some of the roughs of the town.

"Eh, miss, it's grand no' to be bonnie," or to hear some of the gamins exclaim, as I passed:

"That's the leddy that got the siller because she wasna bonnie."

But these things died down, and were in time forgotten.

We had got the pony carriage I had planned, and it was my greatest pleasure to drive my mother every day, and watch the decided improvement in her health. We were all happier than we had been for a long time, as the crushing cares of poverty were removed from us. My father moved with a lighter step; his embarrassments in business, and the consequent hardships entailed on his family, had weighed heavily on him. These embarassments were caused by the dishonorable conduct of a man for whom he had become security; and though they were still to be surmounted, yet his heaviest care was relieved. Letty was happy at school, and was a most promising scholar. And now, that I, too, had leisure to cultivate my accomplishments, which were but scanty, it was discovered that my musical taste was good, and that my voice was very fine.

I had always been fond of music, but hitherto my talents had only been employed in singing old ballads to my father, or nursery rhymes for the children. But now, Herr Flimming, my music-master, complimented me highly, and went into raptures, on all opportunities, about Miss Warner's voice. "You have one magnificent voice, miss," said he. You could easily make your fortune on the stage." But I told him my fortune was made already.

It was wonderful to see with how much more consideration I was treated, now that I was Miss Warner, the owner of five thousand pounds, not ugly Nell Warner, who was nobody, and had nothing. Our clergyman discovered that my voice was the very thing to lead the choir, a discovery never made before. I had numerous invitations; in fact, I had become quite an important personage. Many a time in my heart I thanked Jacob Braidwood for his legacy; and thought too, that it was well there had been that check to my vanity along with it, as, otherwise, my head would have been turned.

In this way nearly a year passed on—a very happy year it had been. My mother's health was greatly improved, my father's spirit was lightened, and Letty and I were busy and happy. This unknown nephew, the heir to the large fortune, and who was now known to be a Mr. Hugh Cuthbert, was expected home by every steamer.

Mrs. Reynolds had issued invitations for her yearly evening party which was looked forward to with delight by all the young people of our little community. When dressed, on the evening of the party, I went to show myself, in my new and pretty ball-dress to my father and mother, I found an old friend sitting with them, who greeted me thus:

"Miss Nelly, people will be saying you got your legacy on false pretences, for tonight you don't look at all like a young lady likely to want for a husband."

My mother looked at me fondly, and said: "I hope you will have a pleasant party, Nelly, dear."

"Don't forget to wrap yourself up warmly, Nell," was my father's practical recommendation.

On arriving at the Reynolds' I found Mrs. Reynold looking particularly important.

"He's come Nelly," she whispered, after our greetings.

"Who's come?" I asked.

"Mr. Cuthbert, the heir," she replied.—"He came from Liverpool to-day. Mr. Reynolds is with him just now, and he was to ask him to come here to-night. I do hope he will come."

So saying, Mrs. Reynolds moved on, to welcome another group who had just arrived.

The party was very pleasant. Since the receipt of my wonder-working legacy I no longer moped in a corner as I had been wont to do. Greatly to my own surprise, I found myself the fashion; and without doubt, the attention I received made me more animated, while the idea of being independent gave me more confidence and self-possession.

Later in the evening I saw Mr. Reynold enter the ball-room, but alone, and I wondered if the heir had arrived or not, for I was very curious to see him. Before Mr. Reynold had been very long in the room, he took advantage of a lull in dancing to make me sing for him. In the middle of my song, which was Tennyson's "Swallow, Swallow!" I had the uncomfortable sensation that somebody was looking fixedly at me, than which sensation I think nothing can be more unpleasant. I was, therefore, glad to finish my song and look up, so as to break the spell, when I caught a glimpse of a pair of bright eyes, whose brightness I had just time to see was heightened by a gleam that looked suspiciously like tears, when their owner turned hastily away, as if ashamed of his emotion. What a compliment, thought I, to my song!

Dancing began again, and in a short time Mrs. Reynold entered the room leaning on the arm of a tall and handsome man, the possessor of the bright eyes I had before noticed, and which were now sparkling with fun as he listened with an amused air to Mrs. Reynold constant flow of words. They were passing, in their promenade, the couch on which I was sitting, when a servant approached and summoned Mrs. Reynold from the room.

"O, Nellie," said she, "this is Mr. Cuthbert. You will amuse him till I come back."

With this formal introduction she bustled off. Mr. Cuthbert sat down, evidently nothing loth, and coolly announced his readiness to be amused. I felt very awkward and nervous, and would have given anything for coolness like Mr. Cuthbert's; for just then I could think of nothing to say. But he came to the rescue himself.

"You were the singer a little while ago, were you not?" said he. I answered in the affirmative. "Then I have to thank you for a very great pleasure," he continued; and in some neatly-turned compliments he praised both song and singer, adding: "That song has peculiar associations for me; but I love all songs. I am exceedingly fond of music, and am glad to find that I am likely to meet some kindred souls here. I did not expect it, I assure you; for I was told that this was the dreariest little town in the world, and see how it has been belied. I have only been here three hours, and I have been warmly welcomed by a motherly old lady, had an opportunity to see a great many pretty faces, and of hearing a charming song admirably sung."

Mr. Cuthbert's conversational and complimentary talents were evidently of a high order. I had no need to say a word.

"There is one young lady in the town I should much like to see," continued this self-possessing individual, "and that is a Miss Warner, or Verner, or some such name. Do you know her?"

"I know Miss Warner," said I "if that is the name."

I had some suspicion of what was coming, but I wasn't going to announce myself.

"Yes, I think that is the name," said he. "Has she had a legacy left to her lately?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And is she here to-night?"

"Yes," I replied again.

"Pray point her out to me if you see her," said he.

"I don't see her just now," I replied, which was strictly true, looking round, and striving to look nonchalant.

"Now, Miss Lily," said he,(he had evidently caught up my name wrong, and O, how grateful I was!) "do tell me what you would have done had you received a legacy with the same stigma attached as Miss Warner's? for I suppose you know the circumstances? Of course in the remotest bounds of possibility, such a thing could never happen to you, (I made a bow,) but let us suppose an impossible thing, and what would you do? Would you not have indignantly refused the money?

"No," I replied; "I think I should have taken it and been very grateful."

"Even if you had been left it as if you were too ugly to get a husband? I thought no lady could ever forgive an assertion like that. And is Miss Warner, then, really so plain?" he inquired.

"Hideous!" said I.

"I should very much like to see her," said he. "She must have red hair and a squint, surely!"

I was saved replying to this question, as a gentleman asked me to dance.

I rose, quite delighted to get away from the troublesome cross-questioning of Mr. Cuthbert. I resolved, if possible, to keep out of his sight for the remainder of the evening, as there was no doubt he would soon find out to whom he had been talking.

"I have the best of it, however;" thought I triumphantly; "it will put even his coolness out to find that he had been talking of me to myself."

That evening passed quickly. I had glimpses occasionally of the tall figure and bright eyes, but when I saw them in my vicinity I contrived to evade them by passing always into another room.

Next morning, at breakfast, I narrated my adventures, amid shouts of merriment from all.

A day or two after this, I drove mamma, in our little phaeton, to call on Mrs. Reynolds, with whom we found Mr. Cuthbert seated. Mrs. Reynolds was delighted at seeing my mother, whom she had not seen, save on the sofa, for a long time. After due introduction, and when the matrons had commenced a seemingly interminable conversation, Mr. Cuthbert came up to me.

"O, Miss Warner," he said, can you ever forgive my rudeness the other night? I do not know what apology to make. I have wandered here and there and everywhere for the last two days, hoping I might meet you, and crave your pardon.

"There is no apology needed," said I, in as careless a tone as I could assume, and trying to look dignified; but it was of no use. The recollection of our conversation, and Mr. Cuthbert's perplexed face, were too much for me, and I burst into a hearty fit of laughter, in which after a little polite hesitation, Mr. Cuthbert could not but join.

After this we were the best of friends immediately, and had a delightful chat, while the elders discussed every thing and everybody. At last Mrs. Reynolds said:

"You young people are very merry. Come here, Nelly, dear, and tell us what it is all about."

I could not resist the temptation of being mischievous, so I related to Mrs. Reynolds how anxious Mr. Cuthbert had been the other evening that I should point out the plain Miss Warner to him; at which the kind old lady laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. There is nothing like laughter for removing the stiffness of a morning call, or for making people friends in the shortest space of time. I think it was the pleasantest morning call I ever remember to have made.

As Mr. Cuthbert assisted us into our little carriage, he said to mamma:

"I hope, Mrs. Warner, you will allow me to call and make my apologies in proper form."

To which she, of course, replied, in the usual formula, that we should be glad to see him, &c.

Mr. Cuthbert was for the next few months the lion of the town. Having not only his own handsome appearance, but also his handsome fortune, to recommend, he was a general favorite, and was courted and feted on all sides. Mothers and daughters welcomed him as an eligible person, while the male members of the family recognized in him the wealthiest inhabitant, probably at some future period to represent us in Parliament and have great influences.

The young heir took all this attention as coolly as possible, and made himself at home everywhere. He was not long in availing himself the permission to visit us, and indeed I must say a considerable part of his time was spent in our house. Our mutual passion for music was a great bond of union —though to be sure he might have made music anywhere, for just at this time music was indeed most cultivated by all young ladies—but I think our first introduction went a great way in strengthening our friendship. At length came the denouement, and the last and most wonderful effect of my legacy, for to it, in the first instance, I attribute, and always shall attribute, my happiness. Mr. Cuthbert proposed and was accepted, for he would not be refused, though I in vain told him he ought to marry a beauty, and that people would call us Beauty and Beast.

"If they do Nelly," said he, "I shall be quite agreeable? for I always thought you a beauty; and if they call me a beast, why it can't be helped." And so this selfwilled individual had, as usual, his own way.

Gossip at first refused to believe this startling supplement to the altogether exciting story of Jacob Braidwood's will.

"What! plain Nelly Warner induce the richest and handsomest man in the country to marry her!—the idea was incredible; and, as I told Hugh, he was very much felt for on this occasion.

"My only regret on this subject," said he, "is that I have more than a thousand a year, and that you may keep your legacy, for I even grudge you that, Nelly darling. I should like my wife to have nothing to give me but herself."

His wish was gratified, for, with his consent, and with the sanction of my dear father and mother, the wonderful five thousand pounds was settled on Letty. But Letty won't need the money to get a husband, for instead of being ugly, she bids fair to be a beauty: and I can wish her no better fate than that she may be as happy as her plain sister.

Failure not Fatal.

Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinet maker, locomotive builder and grocer, but as often as he failed he "tried and tried again," until he could stand alone, then crowned his victory by giving a million dollars to help poor boys in time to come. Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the Tribune, and made it worth a million dollars. Patrick Henry failed at everything he undertook, until he made himself the ornament of his age and nation. The founder of the New York Herald kept on failing and sinking money for ten years, and then made one of the most profitable newspapers on earth. Stephen A. Douglas made dinner tables, and bedsteads, and bureaus, many a long year berore he made himself a "giant" on the floor of Congress. Abrahaun Lincoln failed to make both ends meet by chopping wood; failed to earn his salt in the galley-slave life of a Mississippi flat-boatman; he had not even wit enough to run a grocery, and yet he made himself a grand character of the nineteenth century. General Grant failed at everything except smoking cigars; he learned to tan hides, but could not sell leather enough to purchase a pair of breeches. A dozen years ago "he brought up" on top of a wood pile, "teaming it" to town for $40 a month, and yet he is at the head of a great nation.

The lesson for every young man is this: As long as you have health, and have power to do, go ahead; if you fail at one thing, try another, and a third—a dozen even. Look at Bruce's spider; nineteen times it tried to throw out its web to its place of attachment, and on the twentieth succeeded.

☞ Jones gave a lawyer a bill to be collected to the amount of $30. Calling for it, after awhile, he inquired if it had been collected. "Oh, yes," said the lawyer, "I have it all for you." "What charge for collecting?" "Oh," said the lawyer laughing, "I'm not going to charge you much—why I have known you ever since you were a baby, and your father before you; $20 will be about right." handing over $10. "Well," said Jones, as he meditated upon the transaction, "tis lucky he didn't know my grandfather, or I shouldn't have got anything!"

☞ A good name keeps its lustre in the dark.

Gittin Her Tooth Drawed.

About 10 o'clock, yesterday morning a farmer and his wife hitched their team on Woodward avenue, and in another five minutes mounted the stairs and appeared in a dentist's office. The old lady had her face tied up and there was a smell of camphor, peppermint, paregoric, turpentine and oil of smoke as she crossed the walk.

"Brace up now, Mary—brace up!" cautioned the husband as they started to climb the stairs. "I know jist how ye feel—kinder weak in the knees, like—but the feller up stairs'll have that old snag out' o there like a horse running down hill!"

They were met by the smiling dentist, and the husband continued:

"She's got an old snag which we want drawed or dug out or driven in, or sunthin' or other!"

"Take a chair, madam," replied the dentist, "and I guess I can help you."

"I yum! if I hain't a mind to go back out!" she said, dropping on the sofa.

"Brace, Mary—brace!" commanded the husband. "Why even little children so high (measuring) come up here every day and have their teeth drawed for fun!"

"I don't b'lieve it!" she bluntly replied.

"Do you s'pose I'd lie to you, Mary—do you s'pose I'd tell a deliberate lie right here?" asked the husband.

She seemed to think he would but didn't say so, and the dentist talked softly and sweetly, and finally induced her to remove her shawl and hat and sit down in the chair. While he was looking over his instruments the husband remarked:

"You want to brace, Mary. Hold yer mouth open as wide as you possibler can, and don't try to look outen the winder."

"I wish ye'd shut up!" she snapped, sitting up straight. "Don't you s'pose I know enuff to git a tooth drawed?"

"But can't yer own husband speak to ye, Mary—the husband who has lived with you nigh on to thirty-six year?"

The dentist waved him away and cajoled the woman into leaning back and opening her mouth. He found the cause of her misery to be an old snag of a tooth, which would have to be dug around, but as soon as the lance touched the gum she screamed out and struggled up.

"Mary—dear Mary, why do you holler!" exclaimed the husband, rushing over to her side.

"She's all right—the worst is over," replied the dentist.

"Oh she'll stand it like an elephant—she's got real grit, haven't you Mary?"

She fell back, opened her mouth again, and again the lance made her scream out.

"Brace, Mary—shut yer eyes and hold on to the cheer!" exclaimed the husband.

"I wish you'd squat over there, and stay there!" she snarled, after spitting out a mouthful of blood.

"But I can't sit thar and hear you moan and holler and take on so."

"Who's a hollerin'?"

"You did,"

"No I didn't.

"Mary, don't tell me a lie—a bold, straight lie right afore this deutister."

The dentist induced him to be seated again, but it was five minutes before the woman would open her mouth. She declared that the ache had entirely vanished, and that her tooth never felt so well in her life.

"Don't try to crawfish, Mary—don't try that!" exclaimed her husband.

"Will you shet up?" she shouted.

"No, I won't; durn me 'f I do! Here you've kept me awake fourteen nights, howlin' with that old tooth! You've jawed and howled and tore around like an old camel, and now you've got to have that tooth drawed or you'll go home afoot!"

She wanted to get out of the chair and go for him, but the dentist persuaded him into going to a drug store after ten drops of laudanum, and while he was absent the tooth was extracted. "Mary" was balancing it on her hand as he came in, and after a brief glance he exclaimed:

"Bully for you, Mary! I knowed ye had grit. All ye wanted was me to encourage ye!"

"You didn't encourage nothing," she loftly replied.

"I didn't eh? Why, durn it, if it wasn't for me you'd be howling around home this very minute, callin' for hot ashes, and campfire, and oils, and vitroil, and cotton! Don't lie, Mary, jist 'cause you've had one old tooth drawed!"

"I pity your second wife," she growled as she put on her hat. "I know just how them poor children of mine will be used!"

"Allers a twittin' me about a second wife!" he exclaimed. "Here I've got to pay fifty cents to have that old snag drawed, and ye hain't the least bit grateful. I'd drive hum and leave ye in town, only I know ye'd be in jail in less'n an' hour."

"Wait till we get back home," she said as he started down stairs.

"Threats! threats!" whispered the farmer as he turned to the dentist; "remember, if I'm found dead, to-night, that ye heard her utter threats!"

And he followed her down stairs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ The following is an extract from Governor Dingley's address delivered at Biddeford on Memorial Day.

The patriot dead! Methinks I see your sacred forms passing before me now. Brave young Leppein! one of the first to tender his services to his adopted state, whose life was only spared to receive on his death bed the promotion so well earned—how shall we fitly honor thy memory! Gallant Samuel Fesenden! brave son of an honest father, falling at the post of duty in the fearful struggles at Manassas—thy name is inscribed on the roll of glory in letters that will never fade! Earnest and self-sacrificing Gowan! leaving the honors and repose of a well-crowned career in your midst, to give his life to his country's defense—thy name is emblazoned on the roll of worthies whose memory can never die! Interpid and lion-hearted Douty!

"One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men."

Brave leader of the gallant first Maine Cavalry, falling in the midst of the fray at the head of the column, how gloriously was closed thy noble life! Ardent and patriotic Boothby! laying aside the student's robes and turning away from a career of promise in civil pursuits, to yield up his life in defense of the union—how can I fitly pronounce thy name! Faithful and devoted Knox? uniting deeus with faith, and willing to expose life in defense of the principles which he had so long proclaimed from the pulpit—emotion chokes utterance as I recall thy virtues!

"Servant of God, well done!"

Brilliant and intrepid Jameson, one of the first to volunteer when Sumter's cannon echoed over the land, falling ere the clouds of disaster had been lifted—thy memory shall be perpetuated in the hearts of the grateful people of Maine. Gallant and undaunted Berry! bravest of the brave, falling at the head of his division in the hour of his last and greatest success—in thy death the Union cause was bereft of one of its stoutest hearts and most devoted friends. Brave companions of these worthies who fell in the same cause and with the same honors! time forbides that I should mention your names; but are they not engraven in the memories of a grateful people?

"Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and died in freedom's cause."

It is the office of this Memoral Day to perpetuate the memory of such self-sacrifice as an example and incitement to those who are to come after. Such memories are among the most sacred of our common humanity, and have an educating force for good which can hardly be over estimated.

A Formality Complied With.

In Augusta, Me., no provision had been made last Winter for feeding and lodging tramps. A vagabond went into a police station and wanted to sleep there.

"We only lodge prisoners," said the Sergeant behind the desk.

"You only lodge prisoners," repeated the vagabond, meditatively.

"That's all," was the reply; you've got to steal something, or assault somebody, or something of that kind,"

"I've got to assault somebody, or something of that kind," again repeated the vagabond, thoughtfully. Then he reached across the desk with his long arm, and knocked the Sergeant off his stool, saying, as the officer got up with his hand to his eye, "Give me as good a bed as you kin-Sergeant, 'caus I don't feel very well to, night."—*Ex.*

☞ After waiting four years, a Michigan lover finally popped the question, and the girl answered, "Of course I'll have you.—Why you fool you, we could have been married three years ago."

☞ A Milwaukee paper thinks "it is simply absurd to talk about a woman being qualified to fill every position in life that a man fills. For, instance what woman could lounge around the stove in a country grocery and lie about the number of fish she caught last summer?"

☞ "Wake up, Judge, wake up; there's a man in the house," said Mrs. Portly, in Brooklyn, to her husband, the other night. The Judge rolled out of bed, grasped his revolver, and opened the door to sally forth for the robber. Then turning to his wife he said "Come, Sarah, and lead the way. Its a damned mean man that will hurt a woman."

Young Folks' Column.

Who Is It?

Surely a step on the carpet I hear,
Some quiet mouse that is creeping so near
Two little feet mount the rung or my chair,
True as I live, there is somebody there!
Ten lily fingers are over my eyes,
Trying to take me by sudden surprise;
Then a voice, calling in merriest glee,
"Who is it? Tell me, and you may go free."

"Who is it? Leave me a moment to guess.
Some one who loves me?" The voice answered "Yes."
"Some one who's fairer to me than the flowers,
Brighter to me than the sunshiny hours,
Darling, whose white little hands make me blind
Unto all things that are dark and unkind;
Sunshine and blossoms, and diamond and pearl,
Papa's own dear little, sweet little girl!"
—*Christian Standard.*

My Pet Monkey.

My monkey was a beautiful little animal, with tiny delicate hands, but it was very mischievous, as a great many little boys and girls are. My brother had brought it over from America as a present to me, and I named it Jeanette. I was obliged to keep my pet up stairs in one of the garrets, because she was so destructive that I was afraid to let her sleep in my bedroom; but every day Jeanette was allowed to come down to dessert, and she always had a chair next to mine, and she used to crack her nuts, and sometimes, when she was in a very amiable mood, she would offer me one, and if I would not take it she used to be offended and would not eat any more herself.

It happened one day when she was at dessert with us all that she suddenly got into a very bad temper because I pretended to take one of the nuts off her plate; she took up her plate and threw it at me. It missed me and fell on the floor. Of course it was smashed to atoms, and as it was rather a pretty one, my father was angry, and he got up and tried to catch my pet; but Jeanette thought that she would have a little fun, so she ran up and down for about half an hour until I caught her, but I was obliged to hand her over to my father, who whipped her until it made me cry; but Jeanette seemed to enjoy it, and ran up to the top of the curtains as if nothing had happened. So we let her remain there, and took no notice, until it was time to go to bed, when I tried all I could to get her down from her perch; but nothing would persuade her to come, so my father said: "Never mind, let her stop there tonight. I am sure she won't do any harm again for a long time after my whipping." So I went up to bed, having locked the door so that my poor little monkey could not get out.

Now I will tell you what she did. In the cupboard was a box of arrowroot which my uncle had sent to us as a present. When it was light Jeanette got down from her perch and found the box of arrowroot; she put her hands into it and sprinkled it all over the room, and when the box was empty she shut the cupboard, got up again to her perch, and went to sleep. I came down about six o'clock to let my prisoner out, when, to my great surprise, I found the room all over white, just as if it had been snowing, and there was my monkey looking as innocent as if nothing had happened. I went to open the cupboard, and there I found the tin quite empty. Well I did not know how to catch my naughty pet, so I thought I would sit down and pretend to be asleep. I sat down and presently I felt something pulling at my dress, but I would not take any notice because I knew it was Jeanette; I waited, and she pulled again; finding that that would not answer, she jumped on my knee and put her little arms around my neck. Then I caught her, and she looked so sorry because she knew I should scold, that I was obliged to forgive her, and I am sure you would have done the same.—*H. M. S. in Children's Prize.*

Selections from the Pansy.

Tender and true,
Tender and true;
This is the motto
I've written for you.
Truth is the diamond,
Sweetness the pearl;
These are the jewels,
I ask for my girl.

Willie Dunlap was disputing with his sister.

"It is *true*," he said, firmly, "for mother says so, and if she says so it is *so*, if it *ain't* so."

Dave came home one day without his shoe—one on, one gone. "Where is your other shoe, Dave?" asked his mother.

"I met a poor boy with no shoes on, and he was crying, and I gave him one of mine. I thought he ought to have half," said the dear, funny little fellow.

How mother laughed. "That is a lesson to me," she said with a tear in her eye.

"Oh, dear me!" said Mamie to her brother Robert. "You are such a stumping block, Robert Payson, that I don't know what to do." "Such a what?" Robert said bursting into a laugh. "Why, a stumping block. You needn't laugh; papa read about them in the Bible, and I asked mamma what they meant, and she said folks that put things in other folks' way; and you are my stumping block, certain true; for your feet always come stepping on my dollie's clothes, and spoiling them, right in my way." Robert laughed with all his might, and Mamie went in wrath to her mother to get a little more light about stumping blocks.

My little Nettie came in one day with cheeks all stained with weeping, and the great tears were dropping out of her eyes very fast. The scholars were all eager to know what was the matter. They gathered around her, for it was before class-time. They all talked at once. One cried, "Oh, are you hurt?" Another, "Why, what makes you cry?" Another, "What ails your forehead? Did you bump you?" for there was a blue lump on her forehead. Started Nettie would have nothing to say to any of them, though their questions were kindly meant. She went into a corner and cried softly, until my little Clara went with quiet steps into the same corner, put two loving arms about the weeper's neck, and softly kissed the blue lump on her forehead. Then Nettie's tears suddenly stopped coming, and the smiles shone through. And I thought that my scholars had learned how to obey that verse, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

Helping a Lame Friend.

We suppose English sparrows are meant in the following item from the New Brunswick Times. They are interesting little birds, and in no respect more so than in their conduct toward each other:

The myriads of sparrows that nestle in the ivy which clings to and covers the wall of Christ Church, St. Johns, occasionally display a surprising amount of intelligence in their little acts of kindness to each other. This was beautifully illustrated yesterday morning about ten o'clock. From a tree located directly opposite to Northrop's, in Church street, a sick or crippled sparrow fell to the ground, and fluttered about the sidewalk in vain efforts to regain a place of safety.

Several of its little companions gathered around it, and seemed greatly concerned about it, and by their incessant chirping, attracted a swarm of the little winged escort from the church walls. Efforts were then made by several of the number to lift the helpless bird by catching its wings in their beaks; but there seemed to be a difficulty in getting started together, and the effort was futile, and then the chattering increased perceptibly, as if there was a general scolding going on.

Presently several of the birds flew away, one shortly returning with a twig about four inches long and an eight of an inch thick. This was dropped before the sick one, and at each end was picked up by a sparrow, and held up so that the sick bird was enabled to catch the center of the twig in its beak, and with the aid of the other two, it flew over the fence into the churchyard, and from tombstone to tombstone, until the church was reached, when they disappeared in the ivy, followed all along by the swarm of their companions, chirping as if in great joy. The whole affair lasted about five minutes, and was viewed by several spectators, who looked at each other in the greatest surprise.

An Ingenious Bird.

In front of a window where I worked last summer was a butternut-tree. A humming-bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had a chance to watch her closely, as we could look right into the nest from the window

One day there was a shower coming up, and we thought we would see if she covered her young during the storm; but when the first drops fell, she came and took in her bill one of three large leaves growing close to the nest, and laid this leaf over it, and completely covered the nest; then flew away.

On looking at the leaf we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to, or hooked on. After the storm was over, the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.

☞ An old lady, hearing some one reading about a Congressman at large, rushed into the kitchen door shouting, "Sarah Jane! Sarah Jane! don't you leave the clothes out all night, mind I tell you, for there's a Congressman at large."

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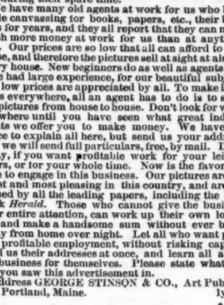

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